

W
No. 17

SEPTEMBER 1941

BIG SHOT

Comics

10c

THE FACE

and

JOE PALOOKA

MARVELO

CHARLIE CHAN

ROCKY RYAN

SPARKY WATTS

SKYMAN

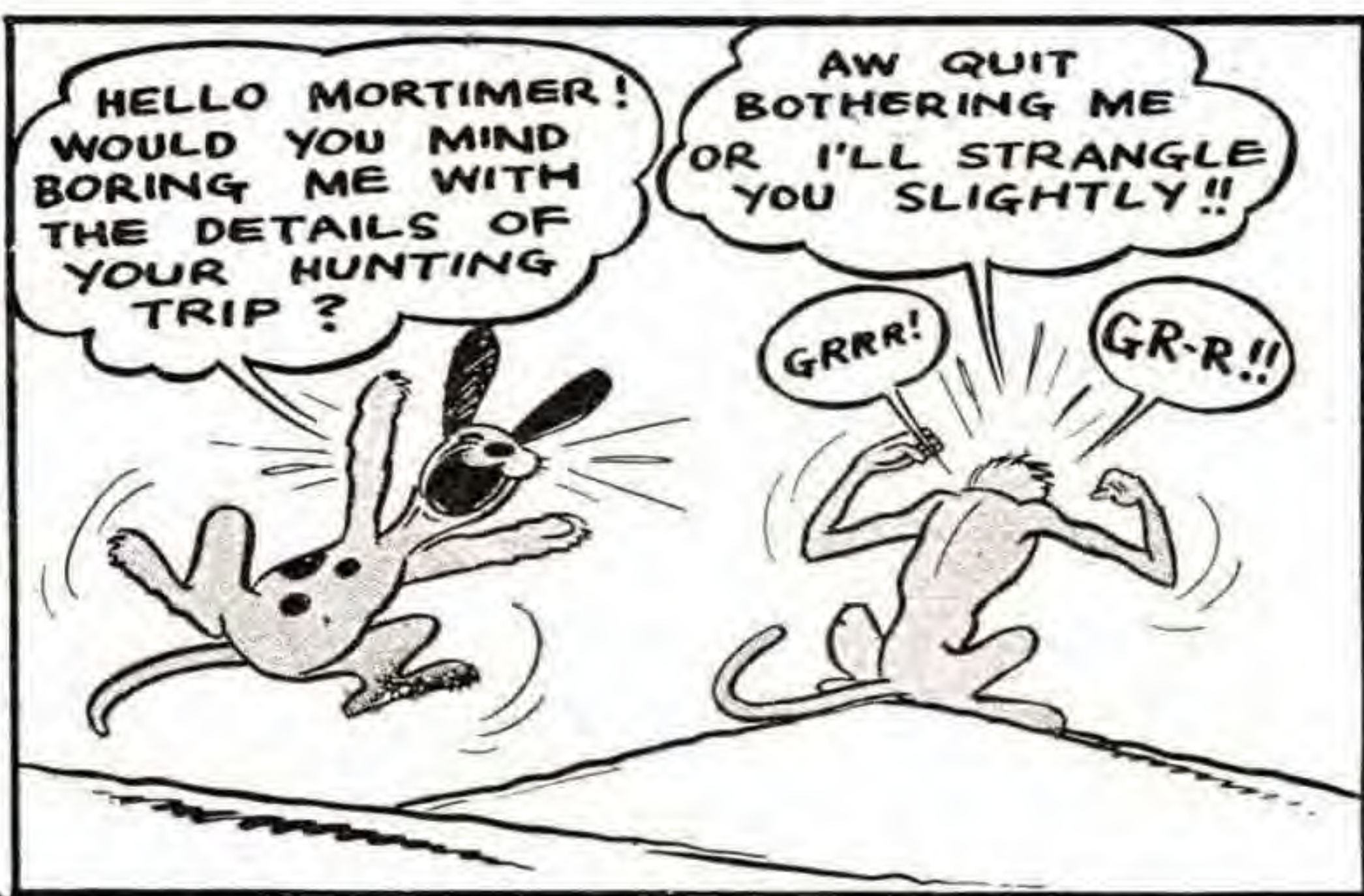


AMERICA'S FINEST COMIC FEATURES!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

MORTIMER THE MONK



VINCENT SULLIVAN, Editor

BIG SHOT COMICS, published monthly by COLUMBIA COMICS CORPORATION, 369 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Entered as Second Class Matter August 23, 1940, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U.S.A. and its possessions \$1.00. Canada and foreign countries \$2.00. For advertising rates address: William J. Delaney, Inc., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Entire contents copyrighted 1941 by COLUMBIA COMIC CORPORATION. Printed in U.S.A.

The FACE

UGLY AND HORRIBLE COMPRISED OF THE WEIRD TERROR OF FEAR-SPAWNED NIGHTMARES, *THE FACE* FRIGHTENS ALL WHO BEHOLD IT BY ITS VERY AWESOMENESS! BEHIND IT IS TONY TRENT, RADIO COMMENTATOR, WHO AS *THE FACE* FIGHTS AN ETERNAL BATTLE AGAINST ALL CRIMINALS...

by
**MICHAEL
BLAKE**

ON RADIO STATION WBSC...

THE MURDER OF HAROLD HEAD, THE BRILLIANT ACTOR, IS STILL UNSOLVED! STRUCK DOWN BY AN ASSASSIN'S BULLET AS HE WALKED TOWARD THE THEATRE WHERE HE WORKED, HE PROVIDES A GREAT PROBLEM....!

OH, AND ONE WORD ABOUT THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER'S ART DISPLAY OF PHOTOGRAPHS AT THE ELITE HOTEL. DON'T DARE MISS IT! THAT'S ALL FOR NOW, FOLKS! BE TELLING YOU AGAIN, TOMORROW!

NOW, WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS ABOUT? I SAW YOU WAVING TO ME!

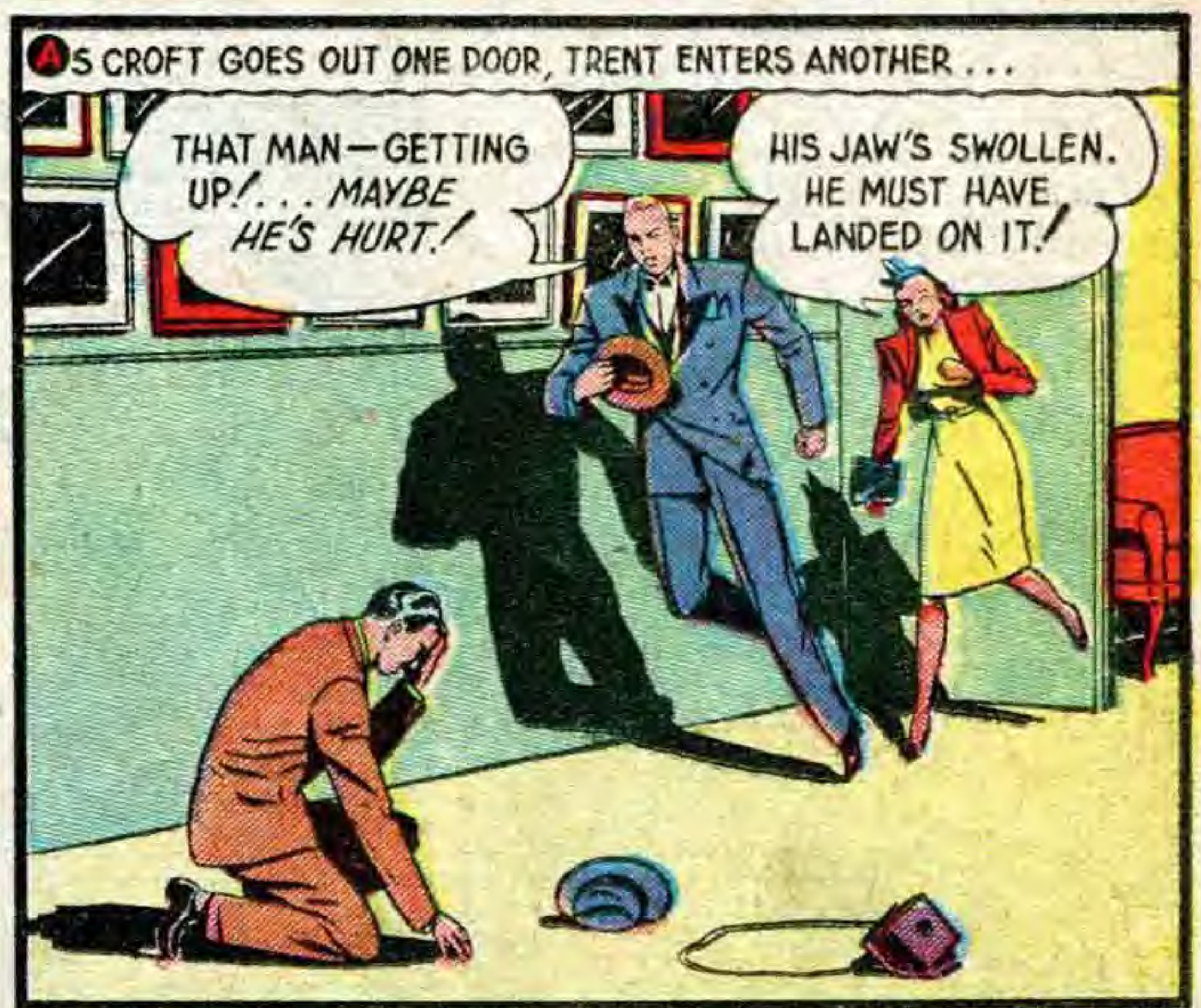
TONY— THE MAN WHO KILLED HAROLD HEAD! I KNOW WHO IT IS!



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



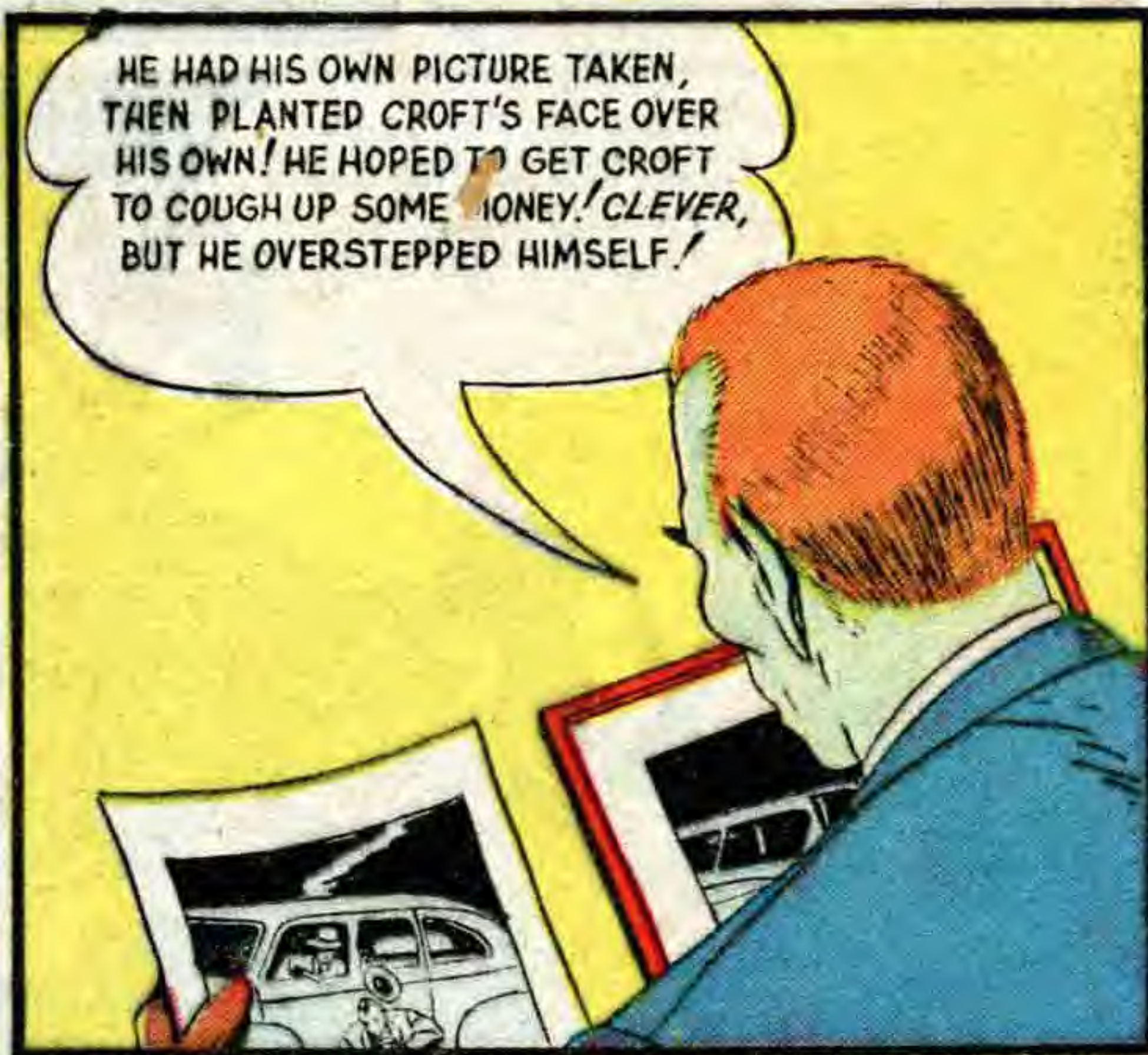
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



CAPTAIN DEVILDOG

OF THE U.S. MARINES



THE UNITED STATES IS ESTABLISHING AIR BASES AND MILITARY FORTIFICATIONS IN ALASKA TO GUARD AGAINST A SUPRISE ATTACK FROM THE PACIFIC OCEAN-AND CAPTAIN HANK STEELE, KNOWN AS CAPTAIN DEVILDOG, IS ORDERED THERE TO SUPER-INTEND CONSTRUCTION...



GOOD WORK, BOYS! WE'LL BE READY FOR THOSE NEW SOLDIERS THE U.S.A. IS SENDING US!

THEN WE'LL MAKE 'EM INTO REAL SOLDIERS!

YOU BET!



HOLD ON THERE! YOU CAN'T TAKE PICTURES AROUND HERE!

OH YEAH?



I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I CAN DO!

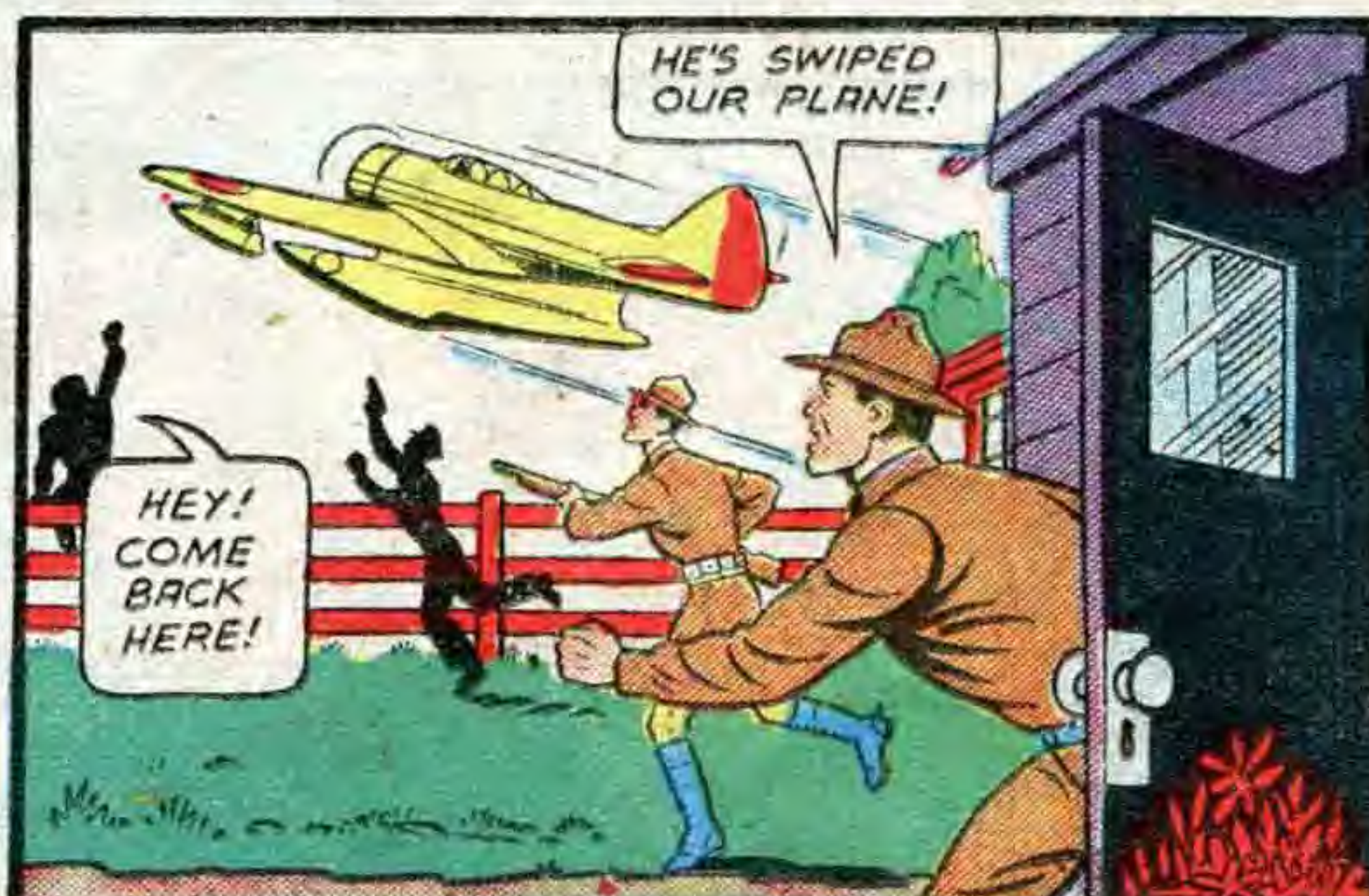
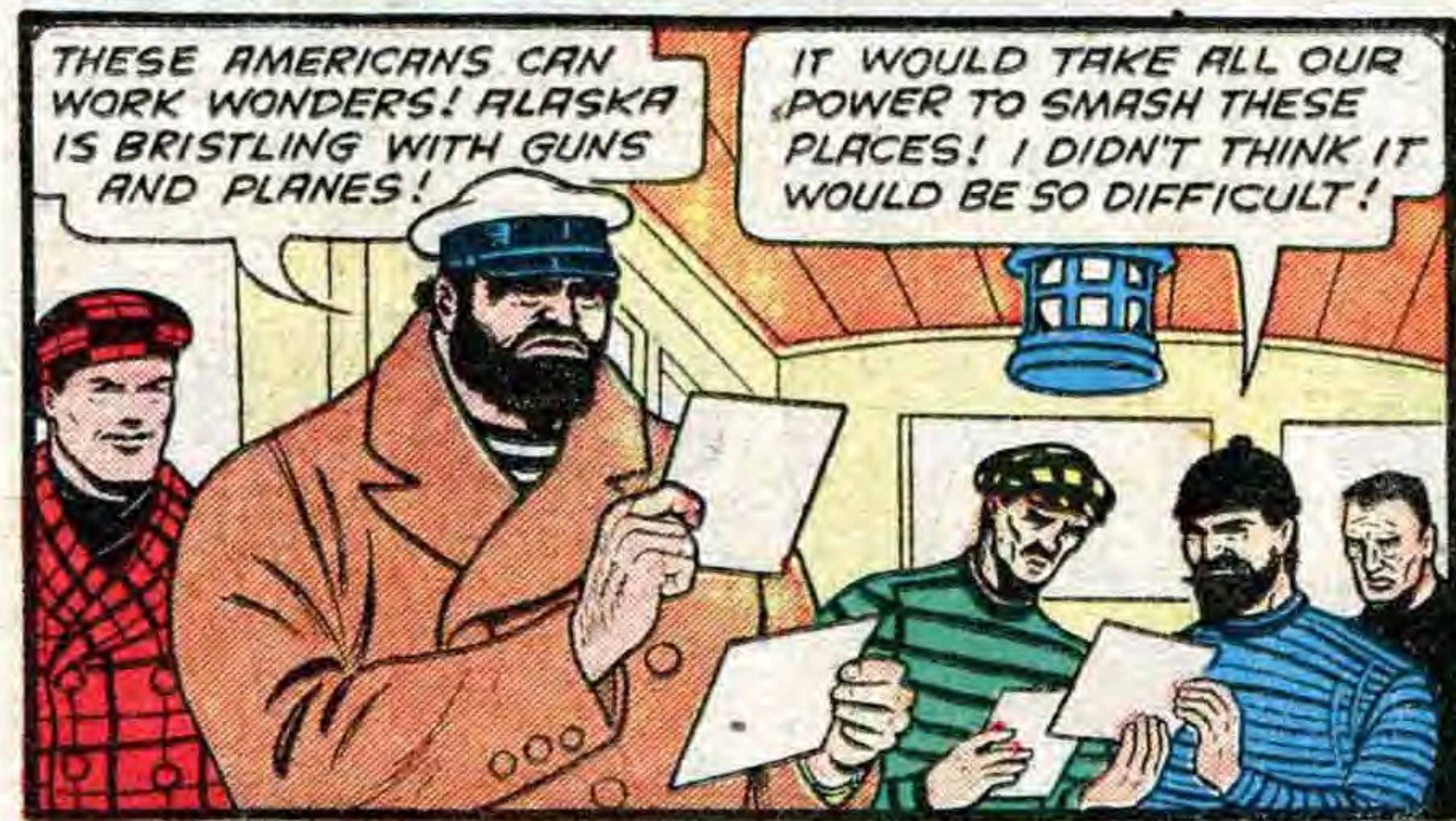
TOUGH GUY, EH?



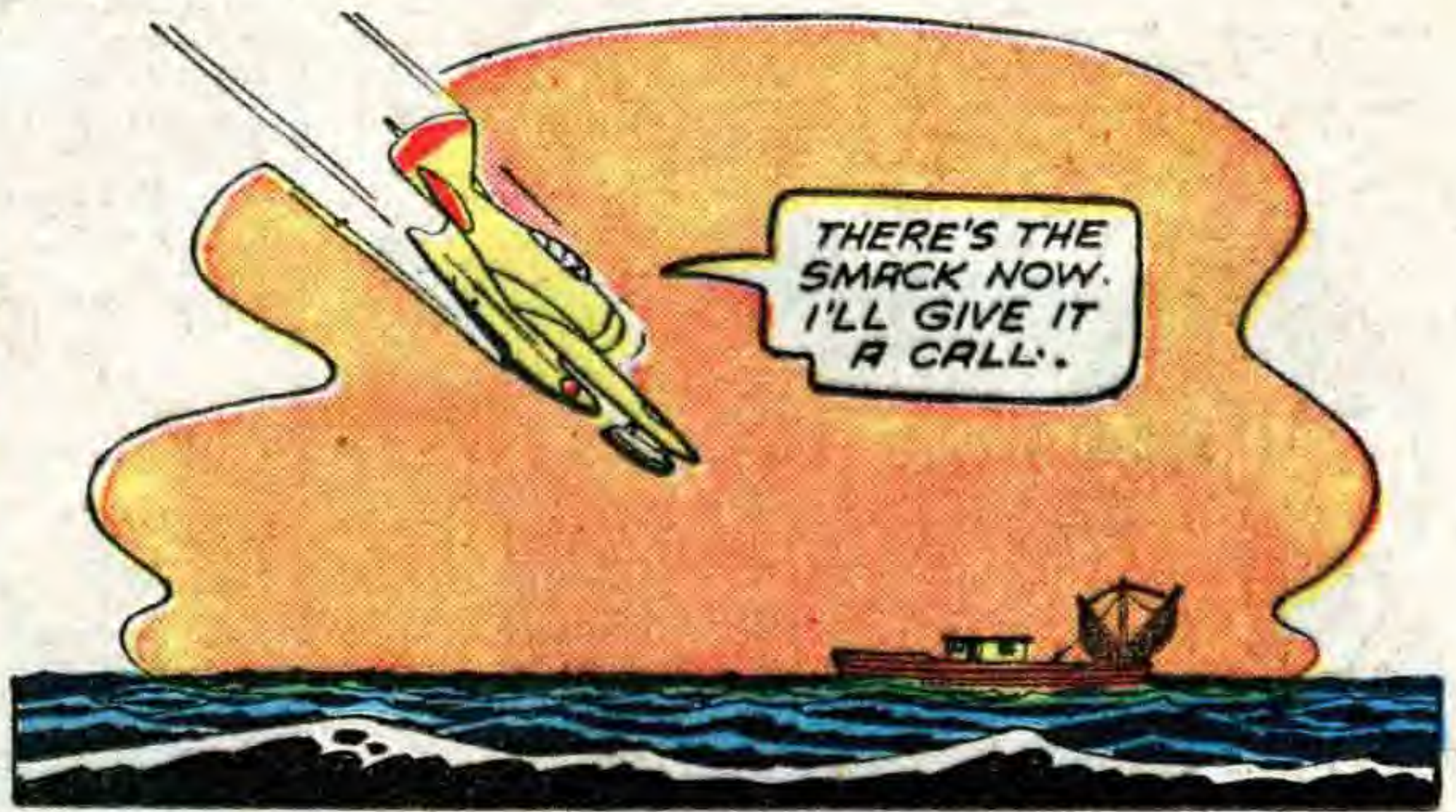
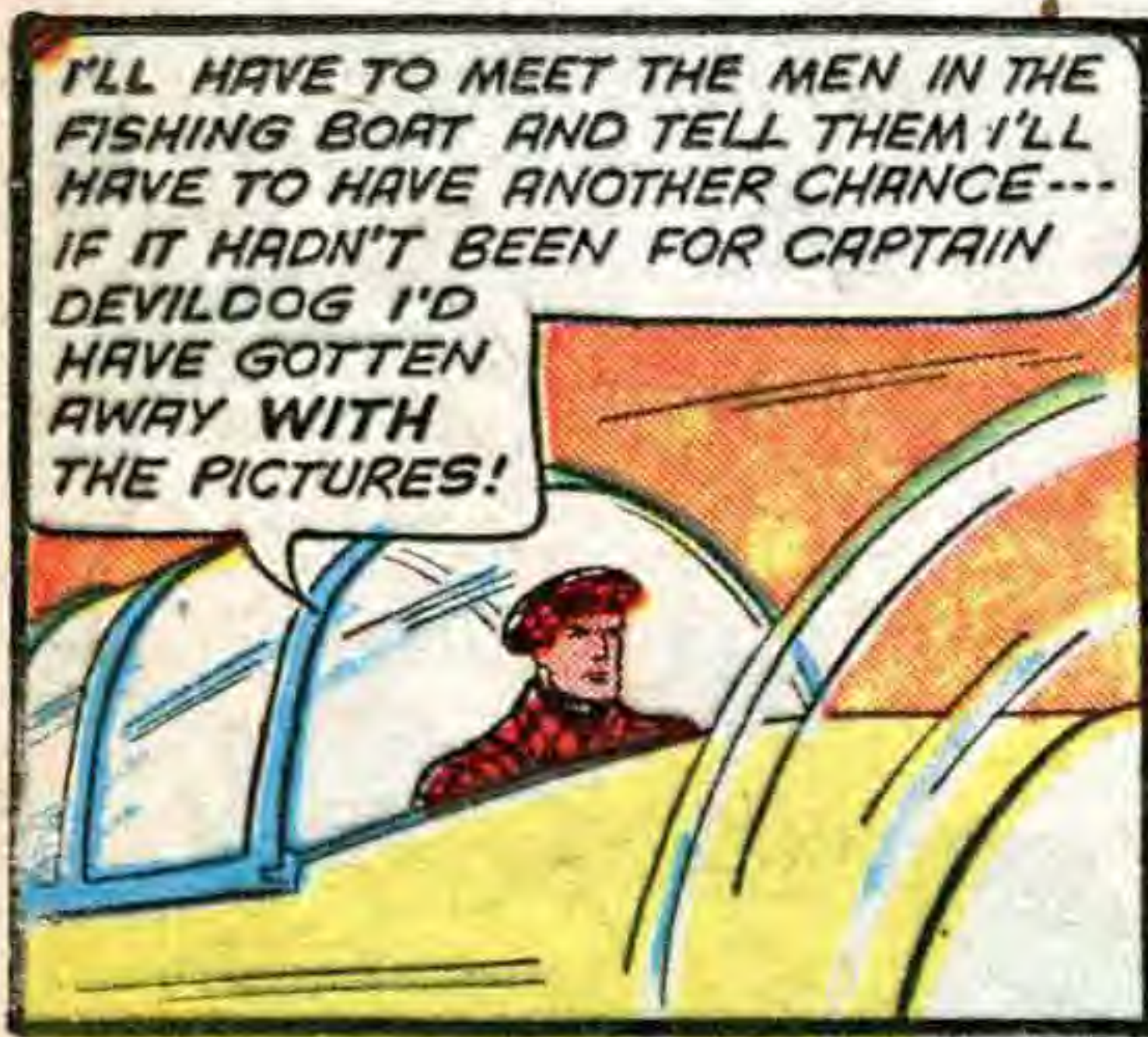
AS CAPTAIN DEVILDOG GOES DOWN HE FIRES FROM HIS HIP --- YOU WONT BE NEEDING THAT FOR A WHILE!



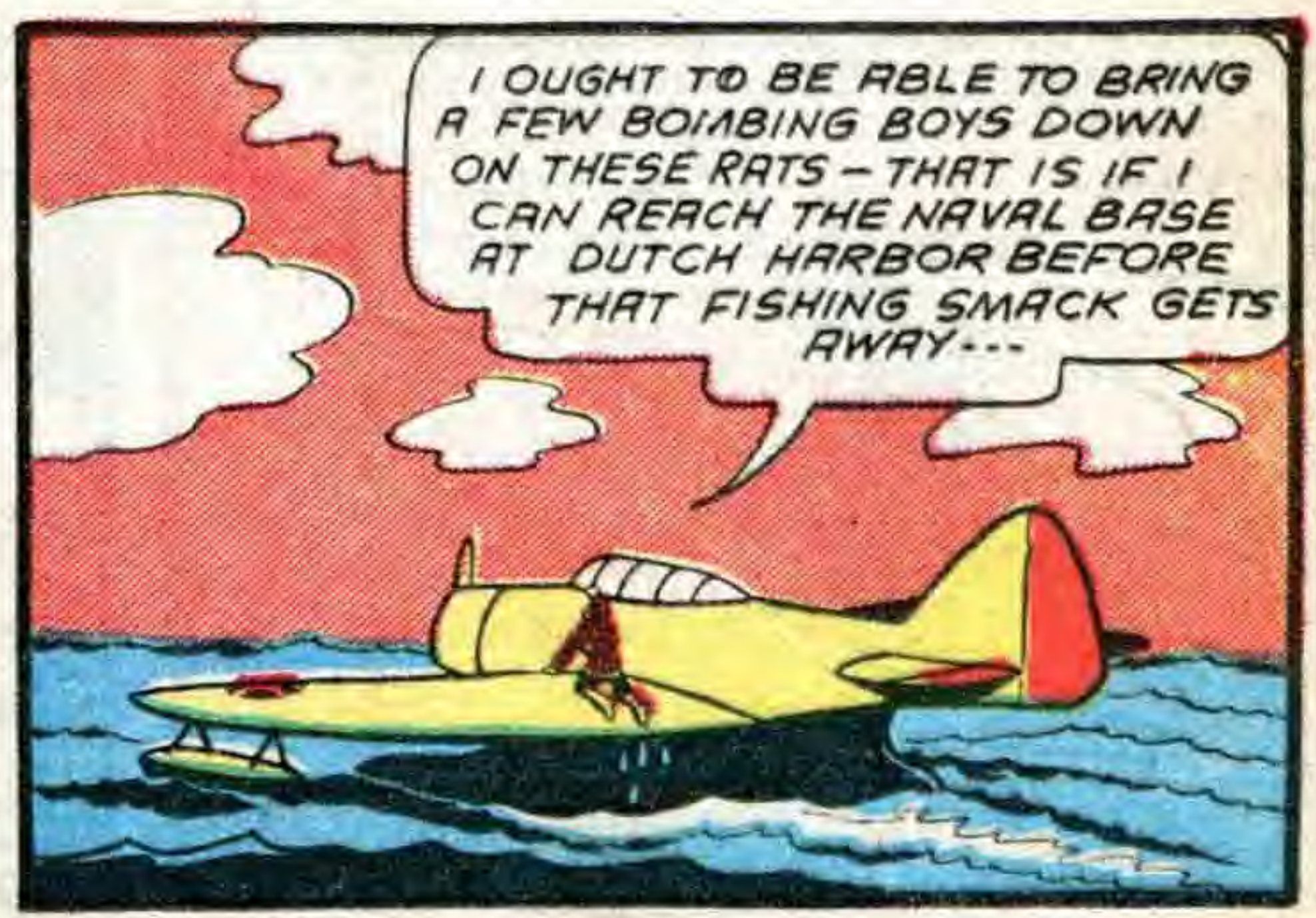
BIG SHOT COMICS



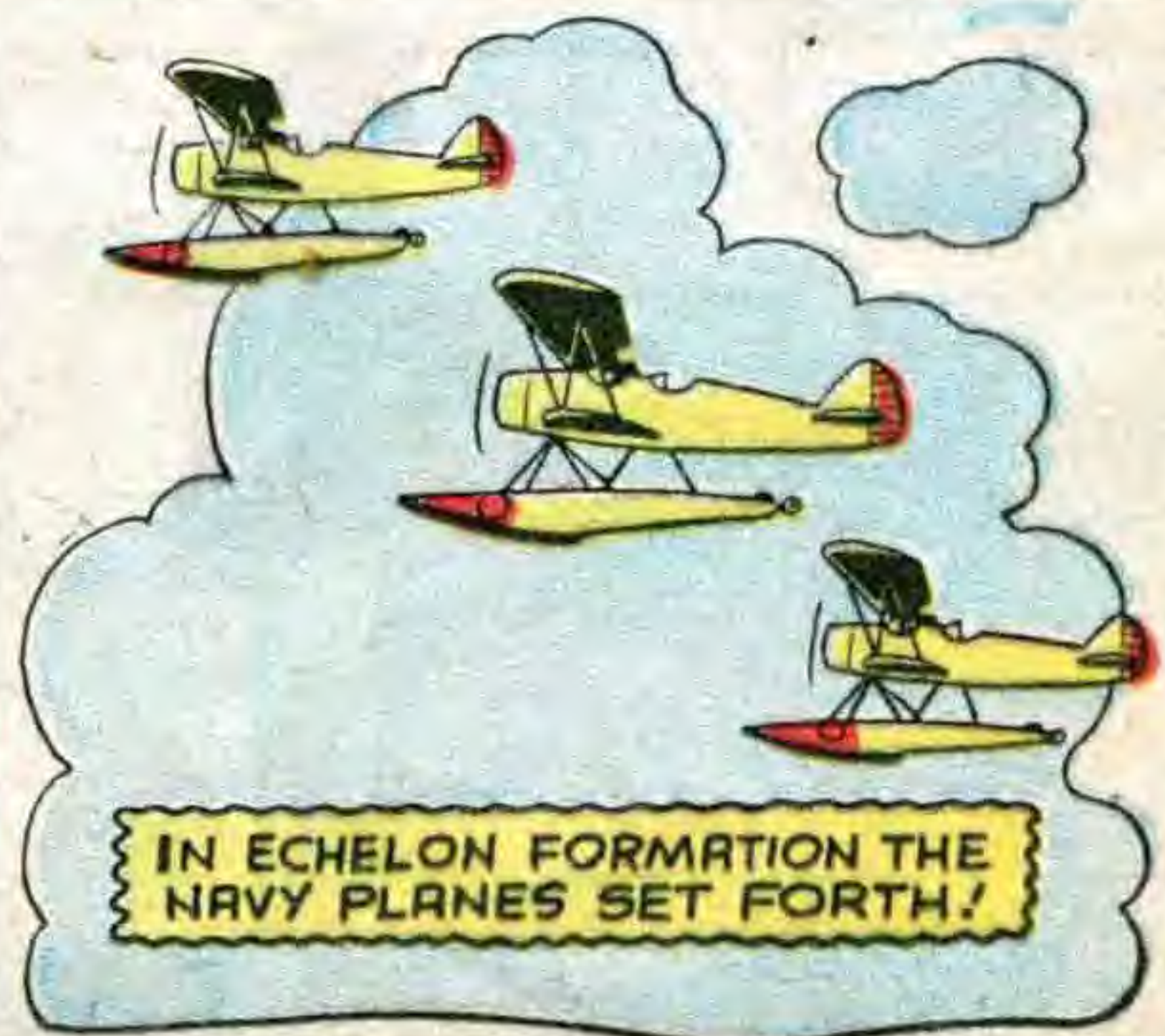
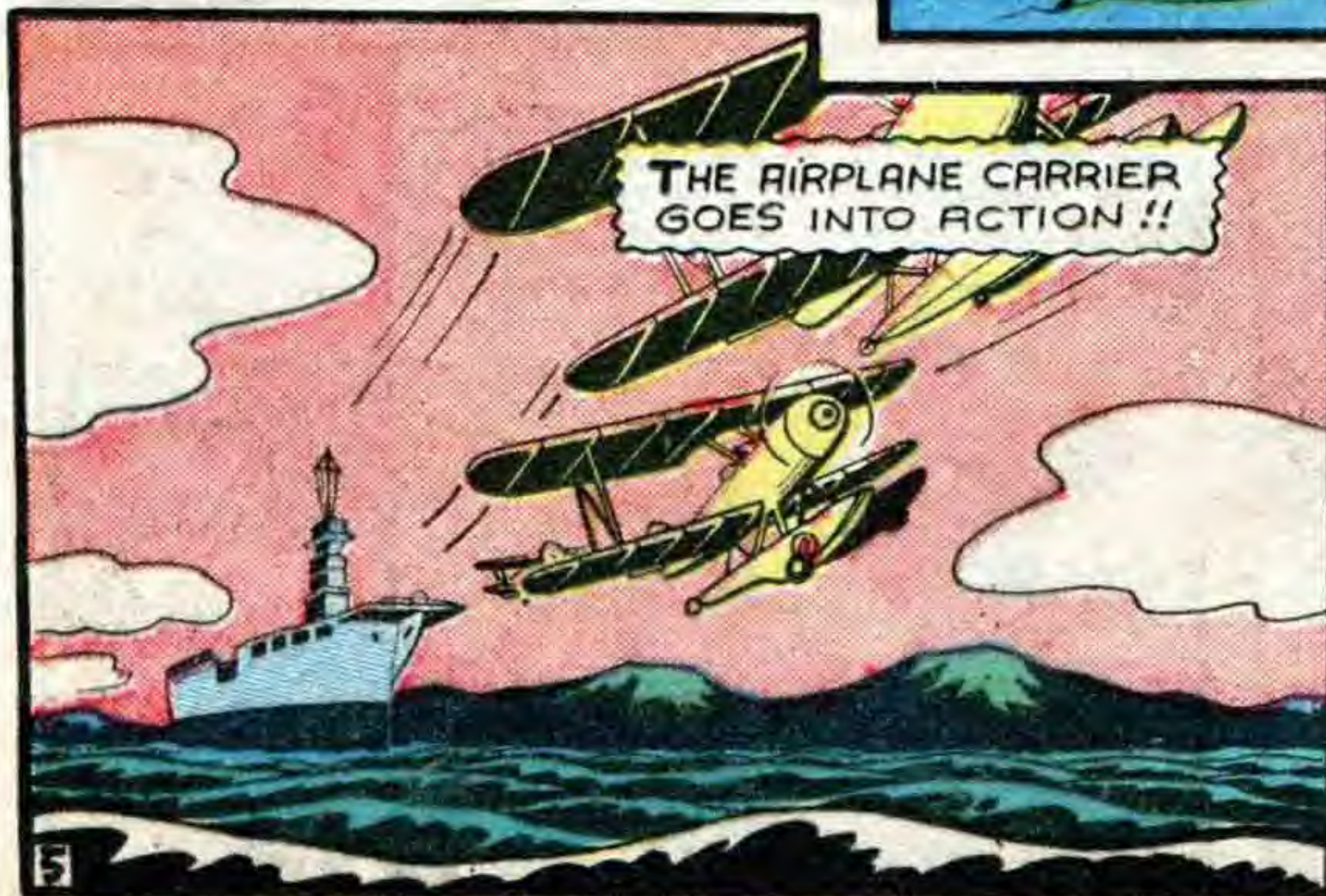
BIG SHOT COMICS



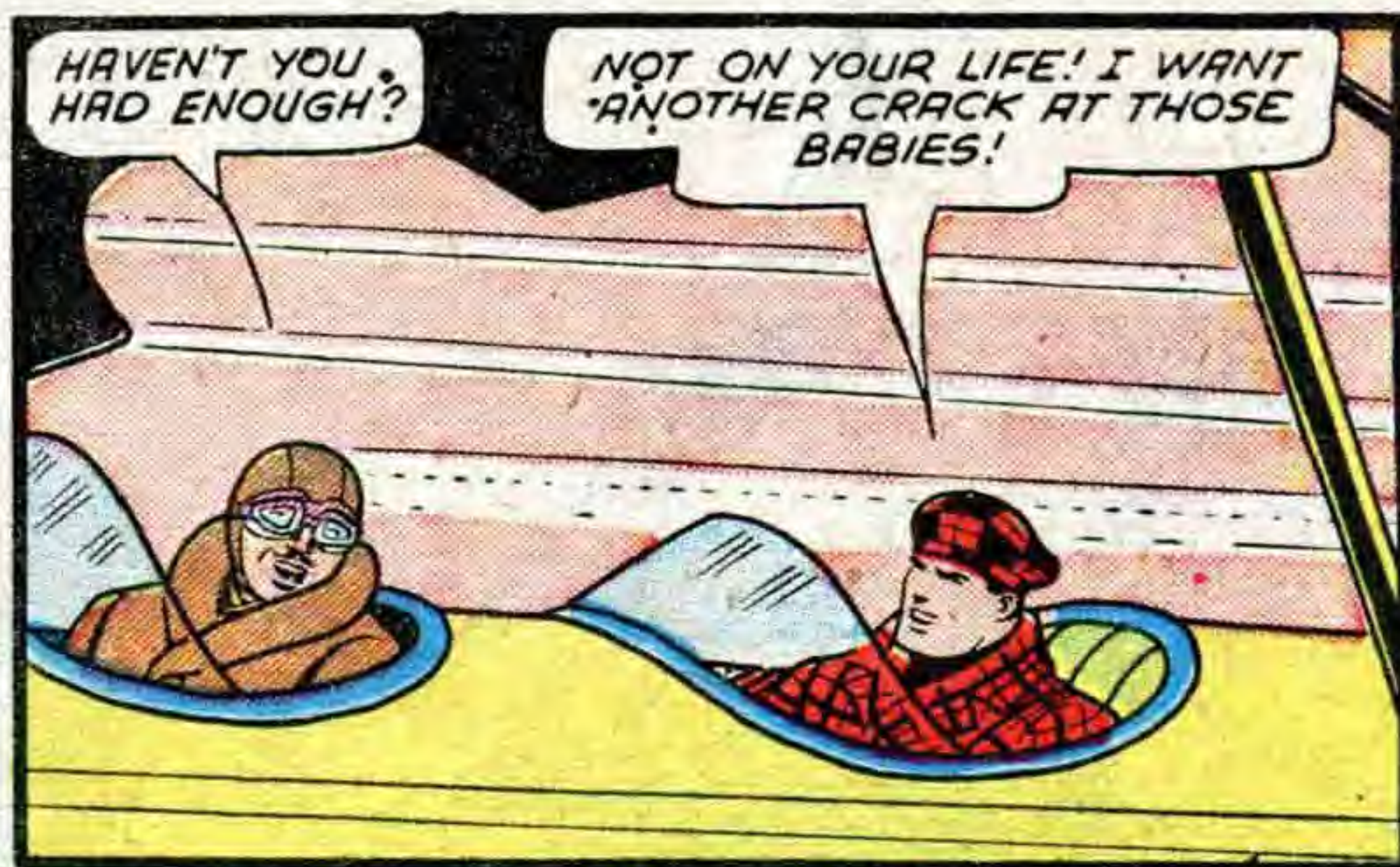
BIG SHOT COMICS



CAPTAIN DEVILDOG LANDS AT DUTCH HARBOR.



BIG SHOT COMICS



BUT CAPTAIN HANK STEELE HAS THOUGHT OF THAT--



THILL TO THE MILITARY EXPLOITS OF FIGHTING CAPTAIN DEVILDOG

EVERY MONTH IN

BIG SHOT COMICS

THE END

KID STUFF

by ALBERT CHARTIER



"HEY, MISTER! WOULD YOU SPRINKLE MY LAWN A BIT?"



"MAW! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE POP TO A SHOW OR SOMETHING"



"LET'S PRETEND JAMES IS GIBRALTAR AND WE'LL ATTACK HIM!"



"GOSH! I CAN'T REMEMBER HOW THEY LANDED IN THAT ACT!"



"WHAT CHANCE HAVE WE FELLERS WITH GUYS LIKE HIM AROUND?"



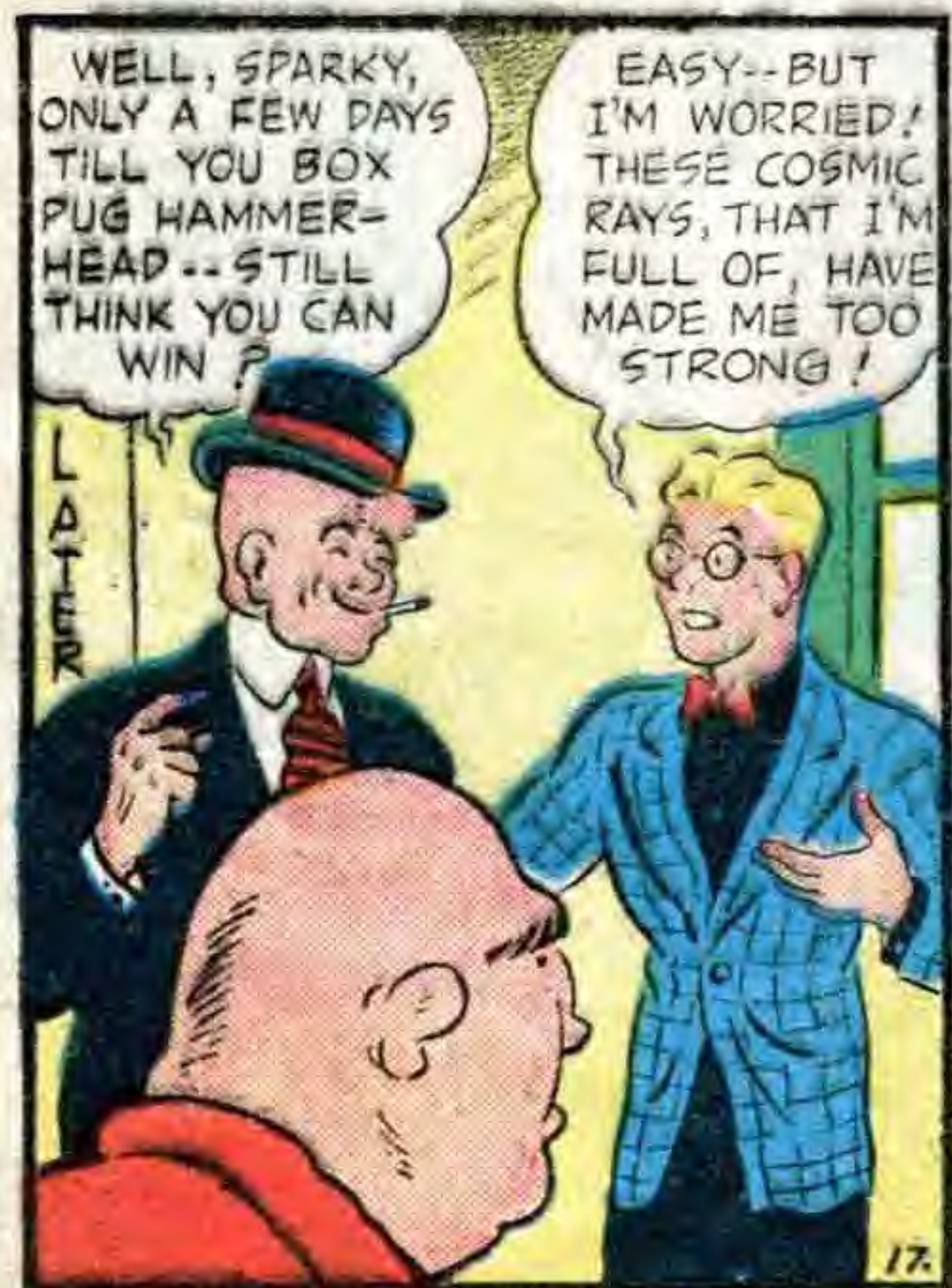
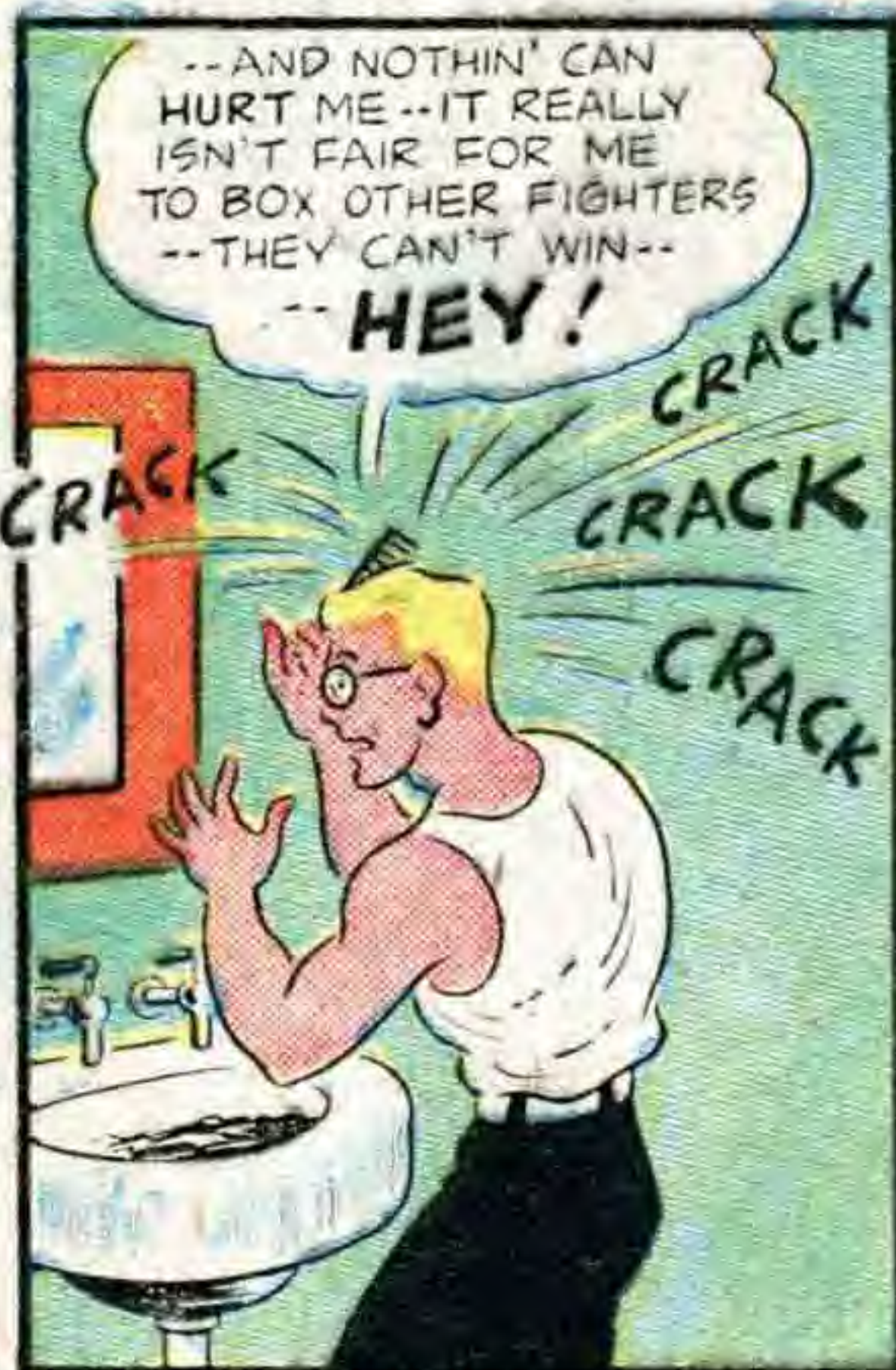
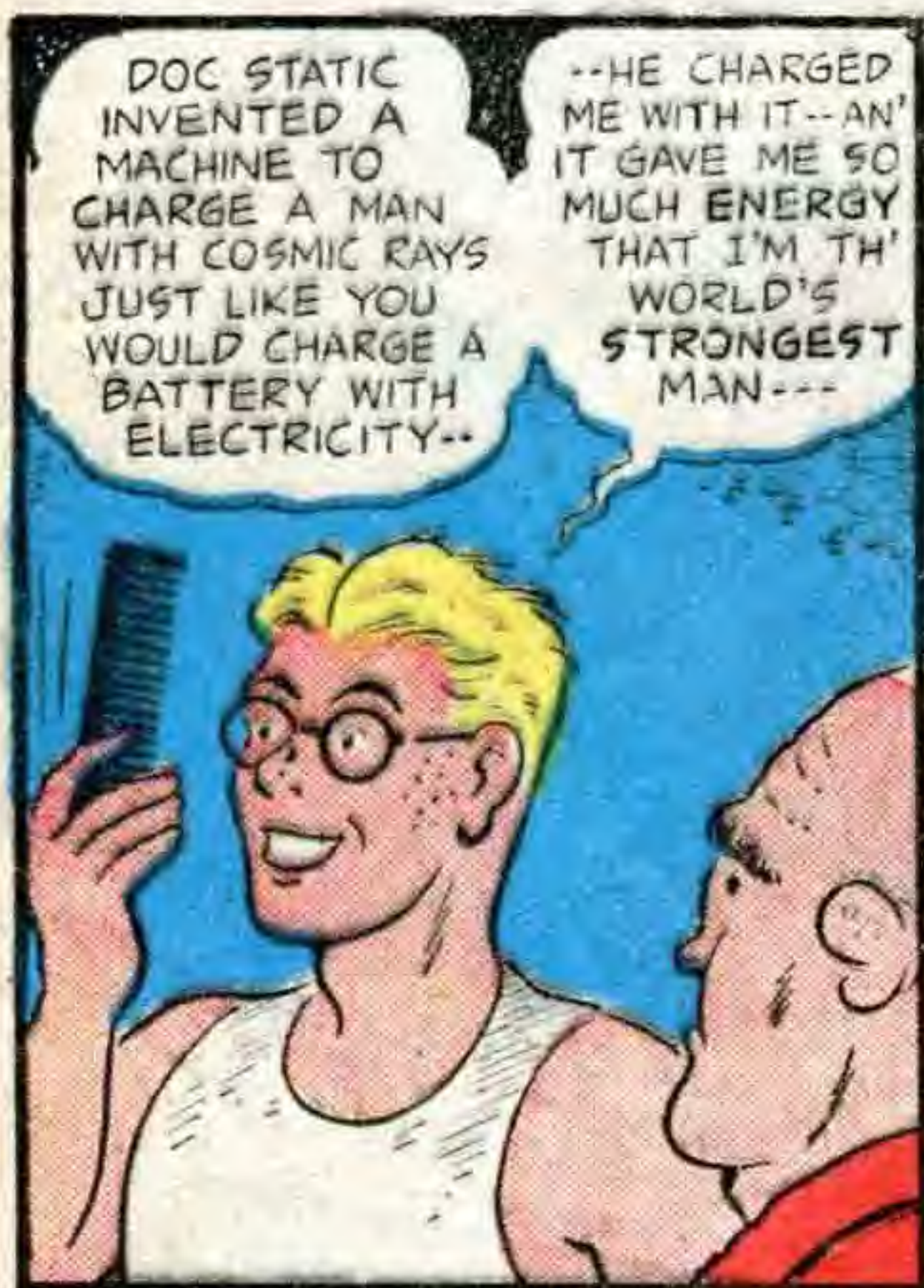
"DEAR LITTLE ONES- AREN'T THEY JUST FULL OF LIFE!"

"GEE, MOM! I CAN'T SLEEP WITH THAT YELLING GOING ON!"

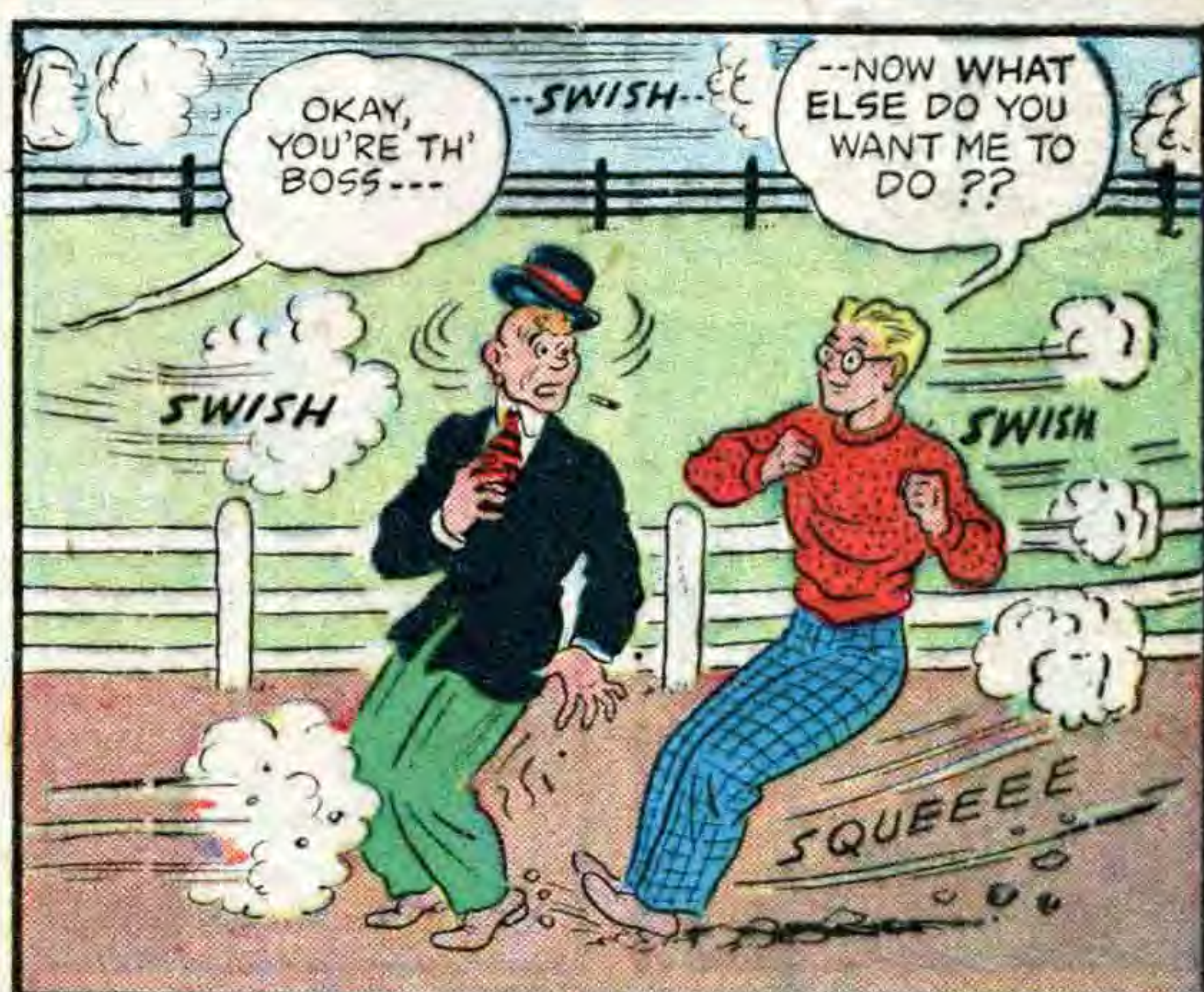
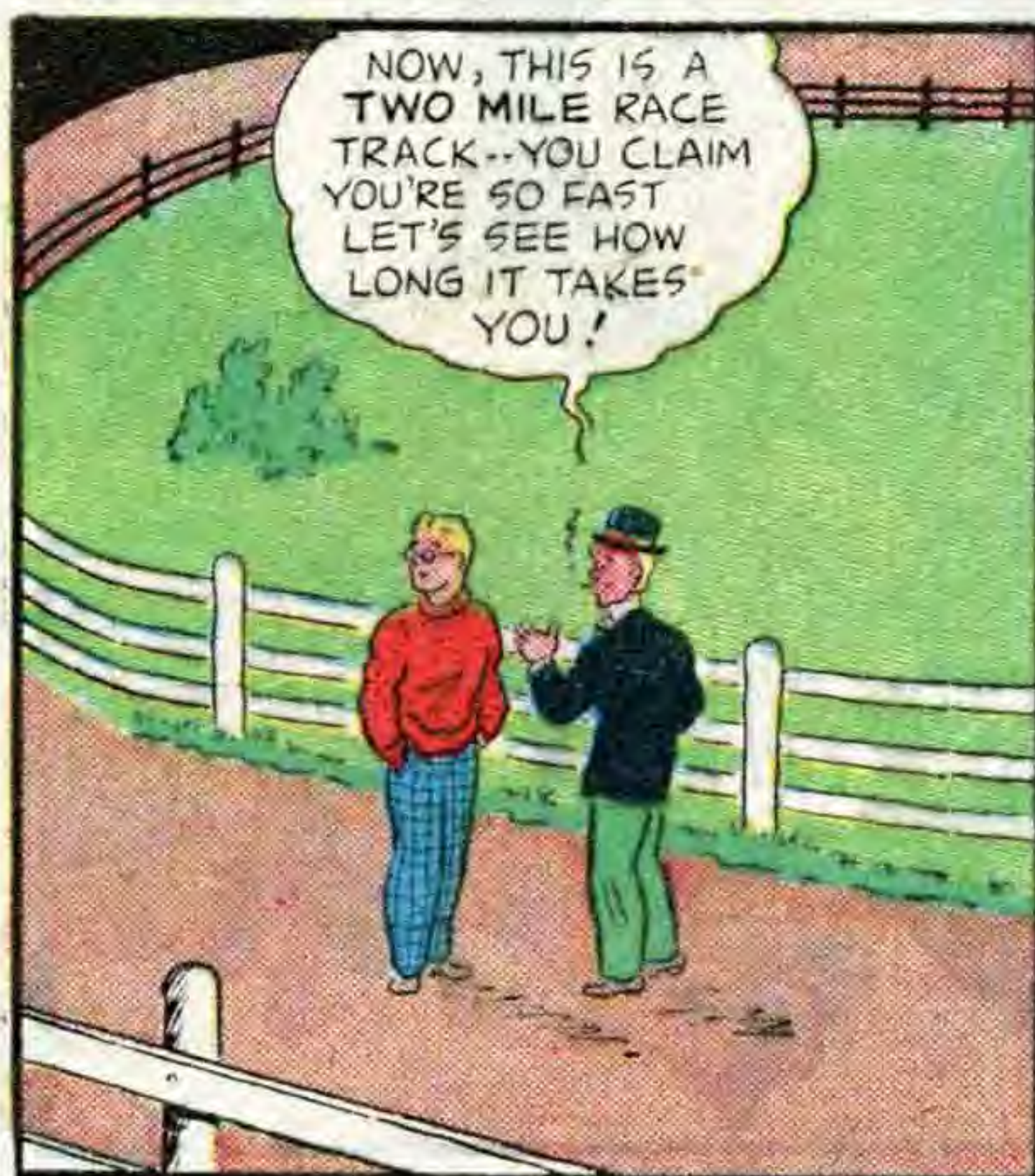


Sparky Walls

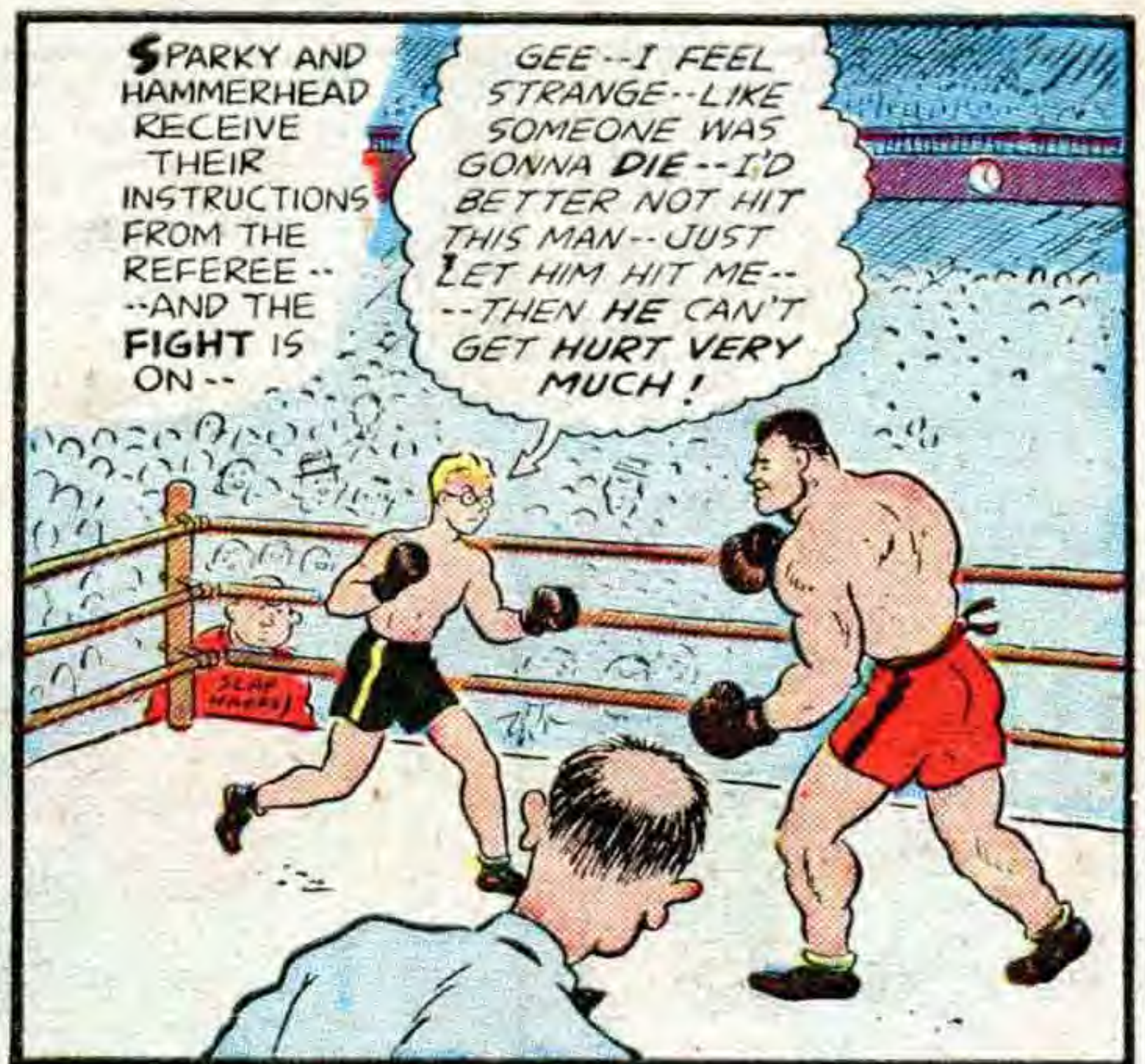
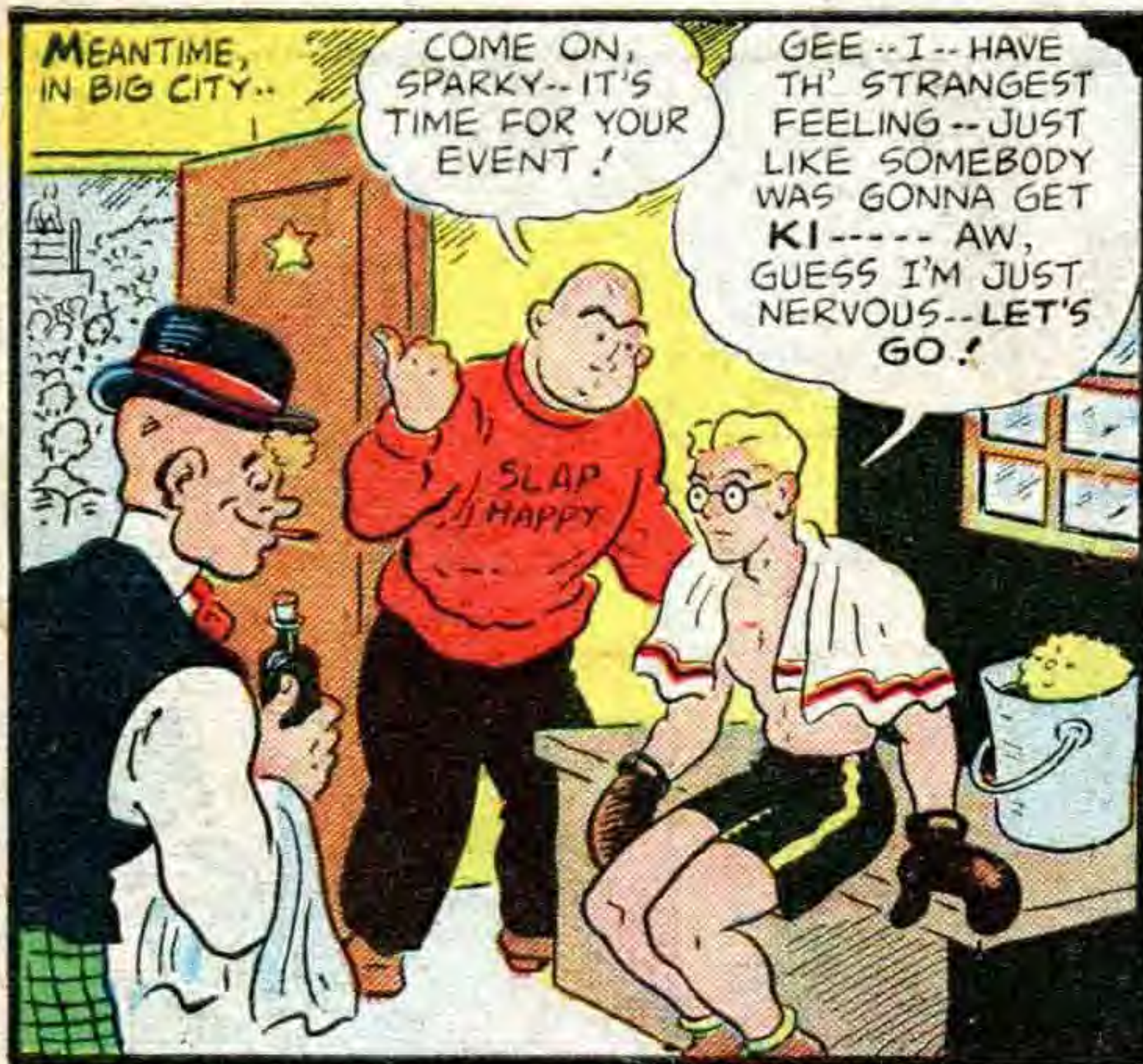
by BOODY ROGERS



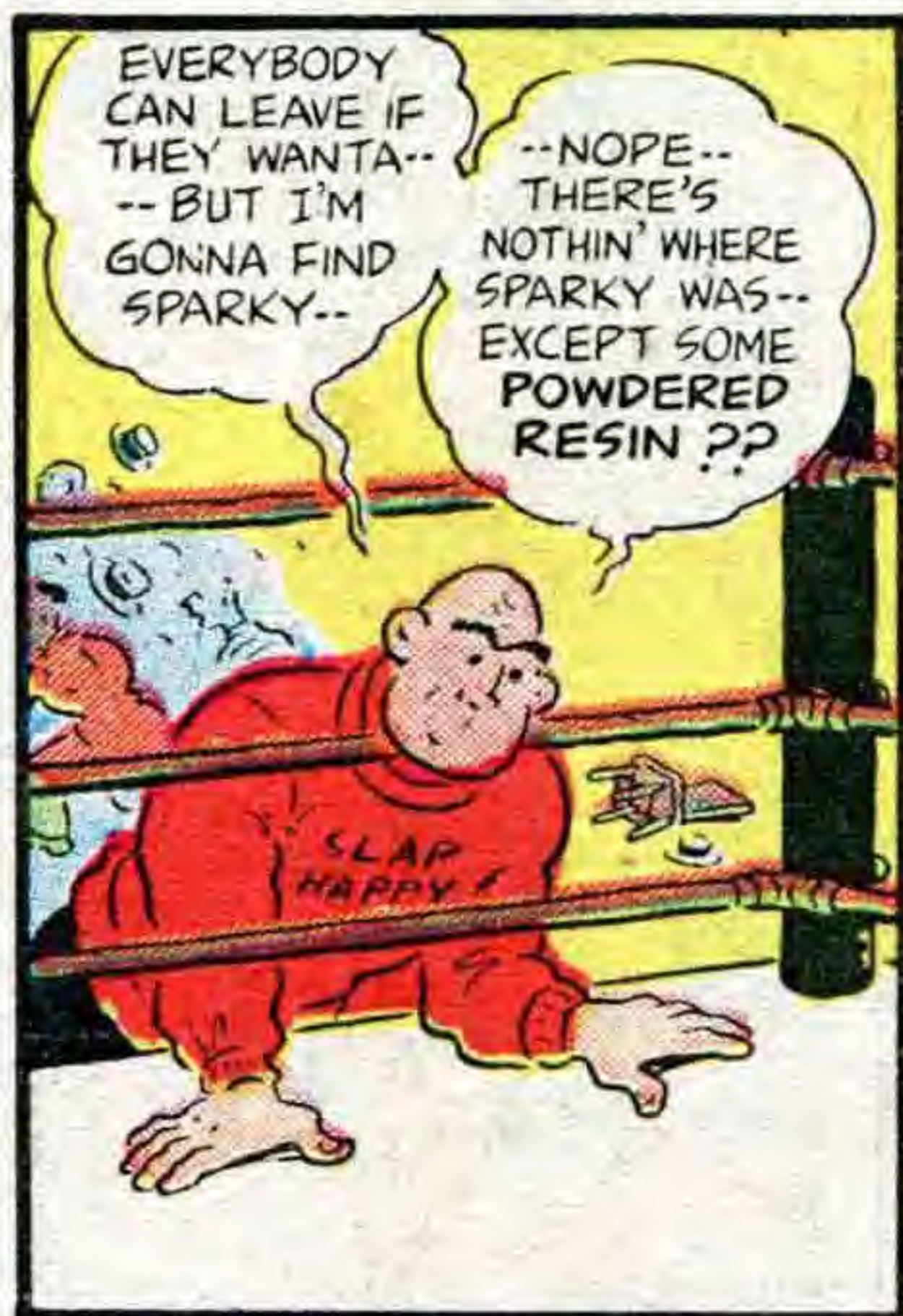
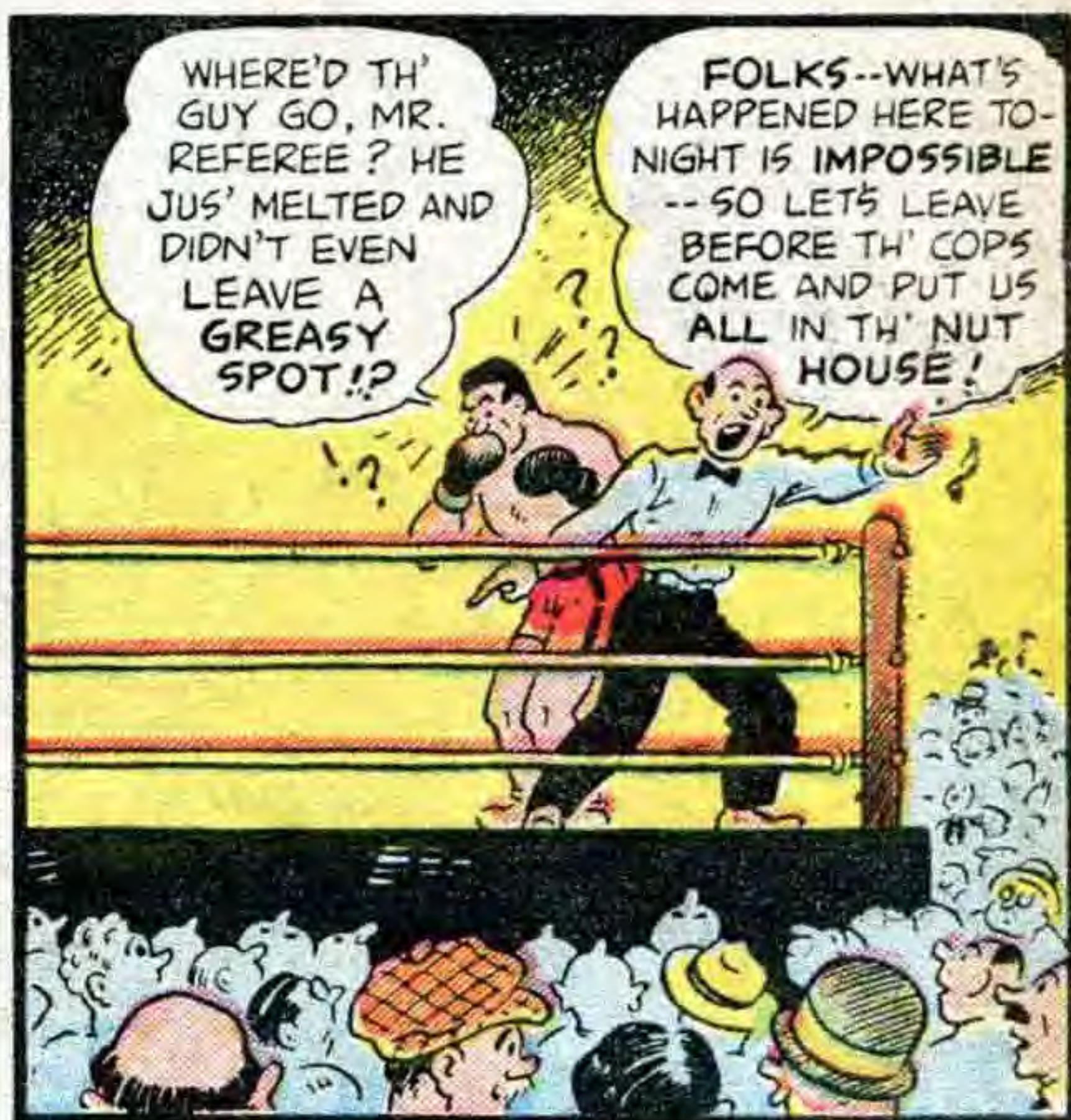
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



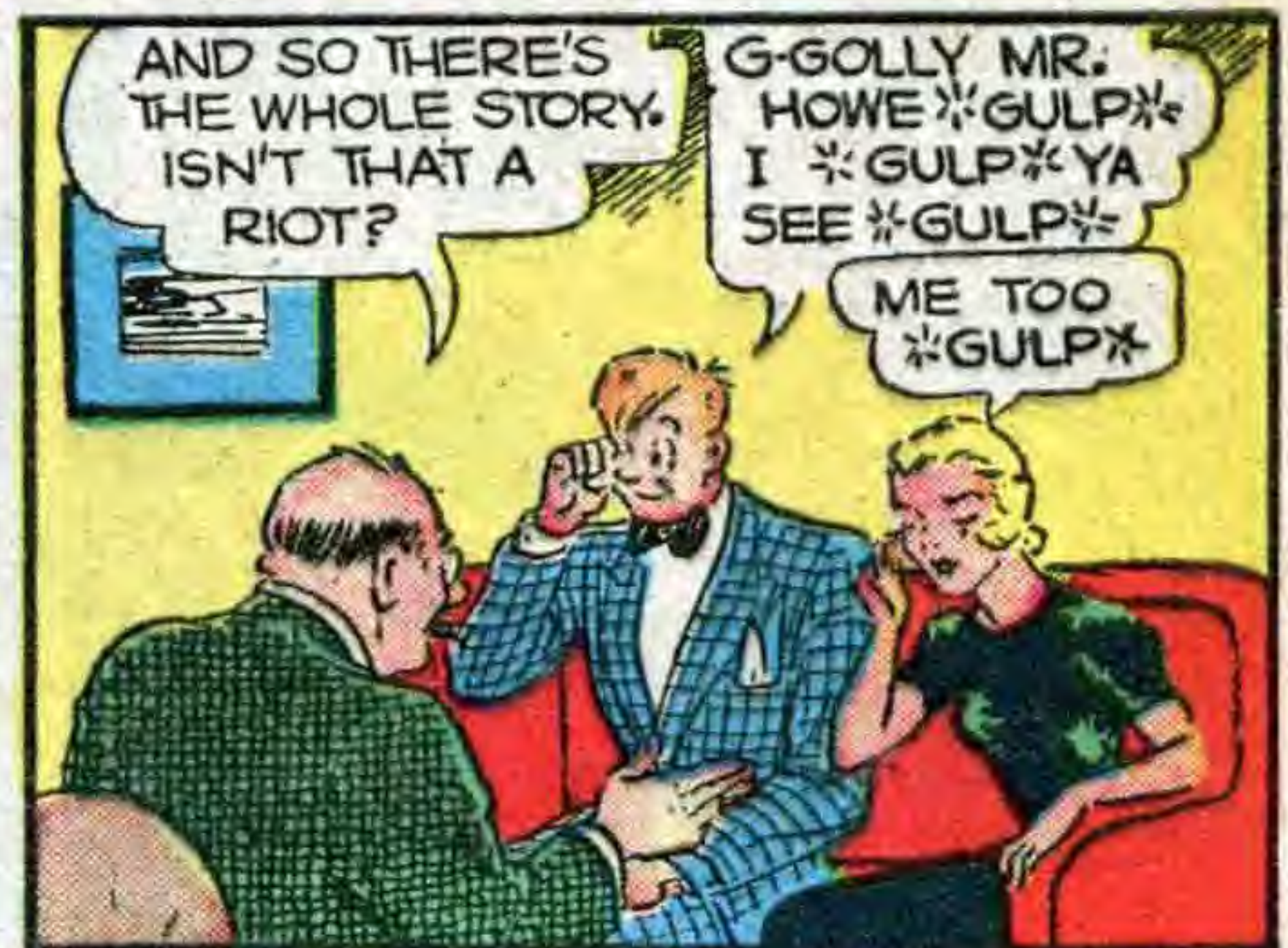
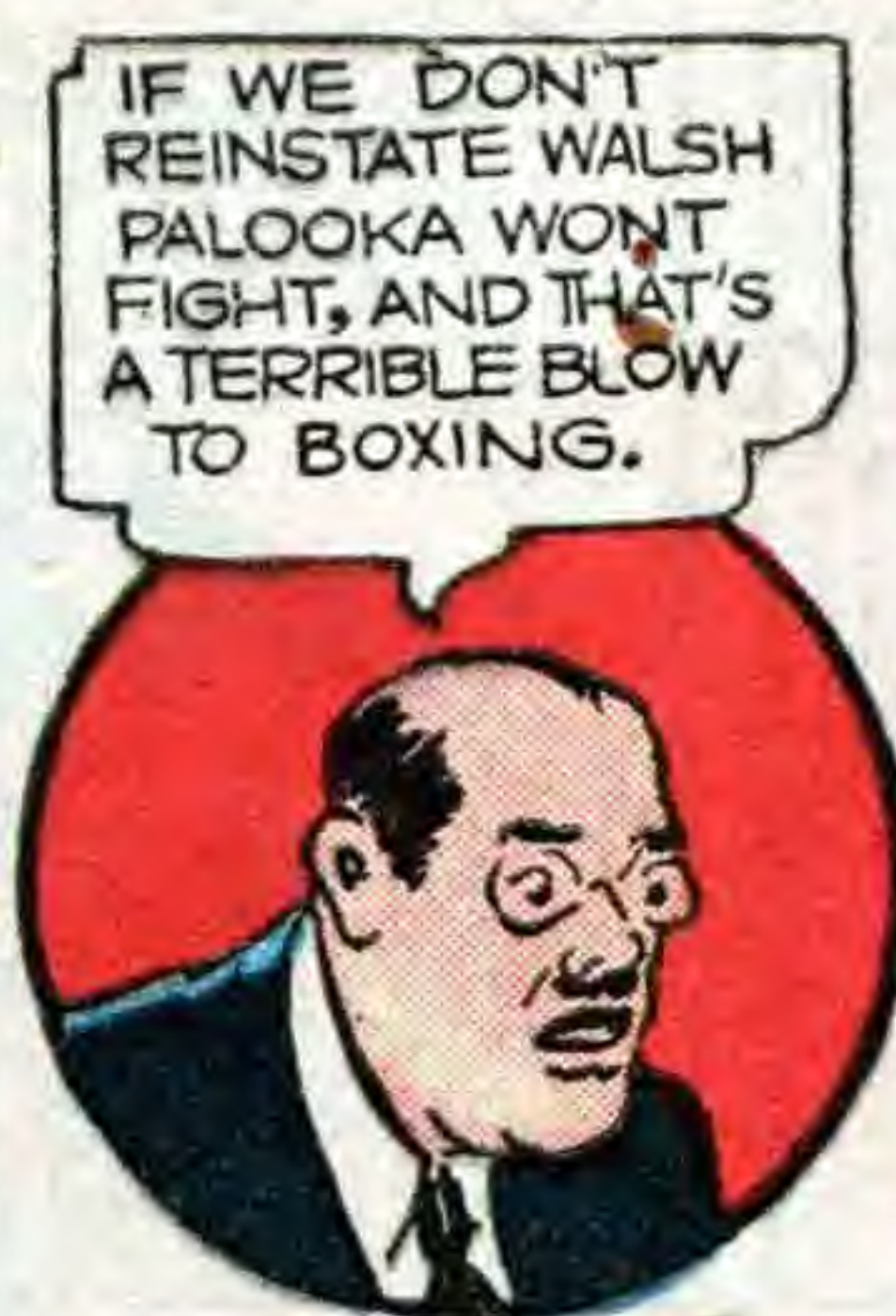


JOE PALOOKA

AS A RESULT OF LOSS OF MEMORY, KNOBBY IS CONFINED IN A SANITARIUM... ANNS DAD BUYS JOES CONTRACT FROM WEIDEBOTTOM... JOE KNOWS NOTHING.



BIG SHOT COMICS

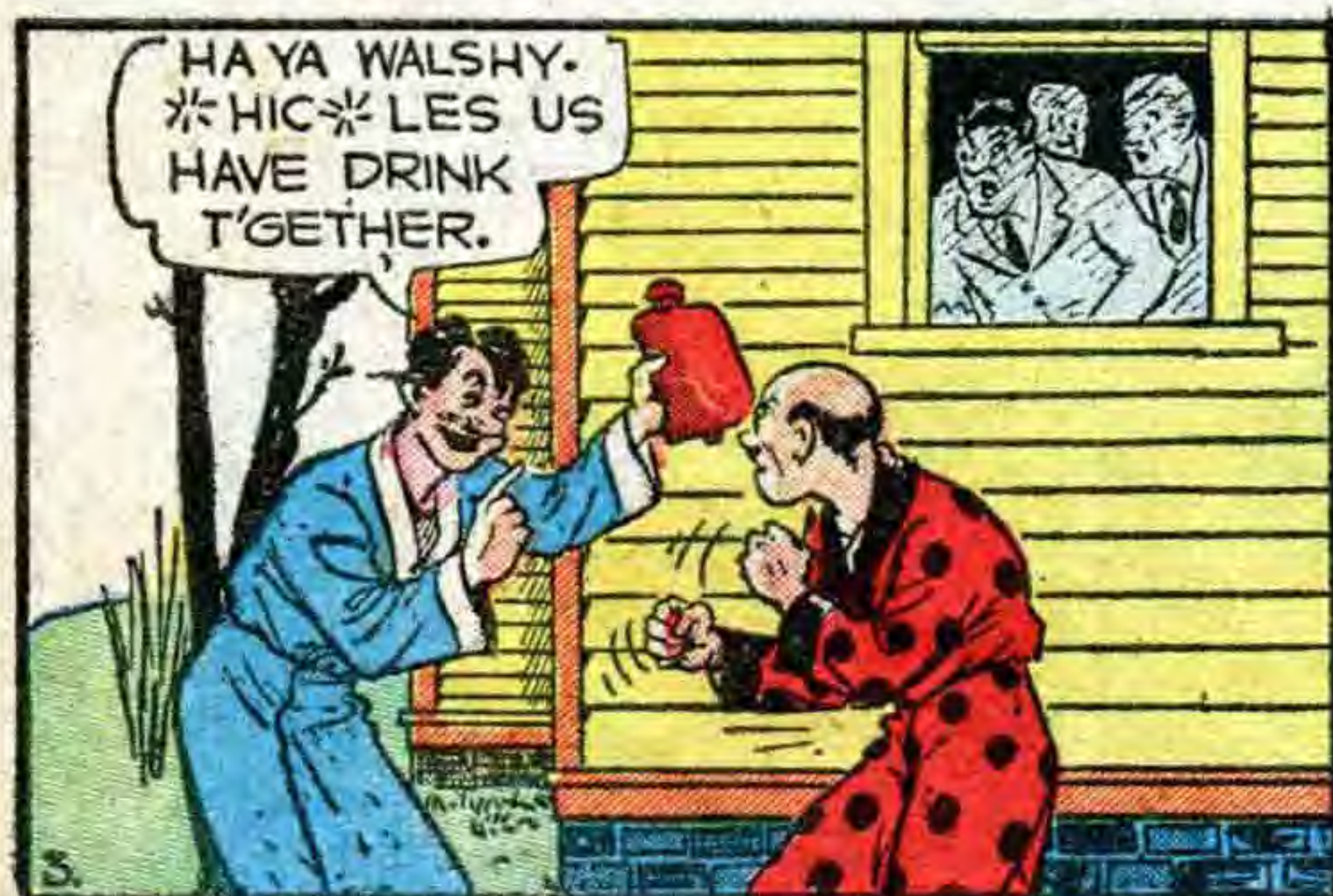
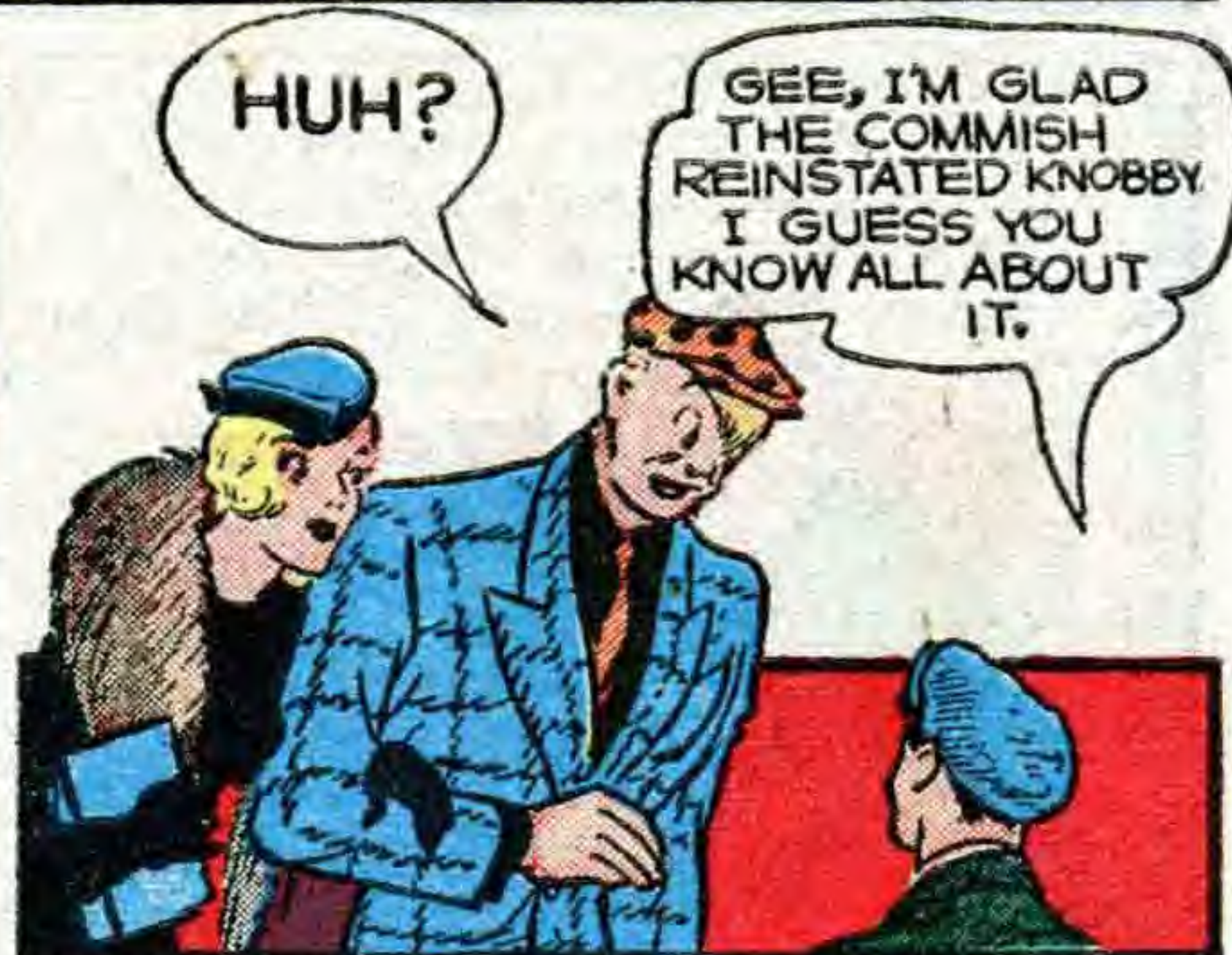
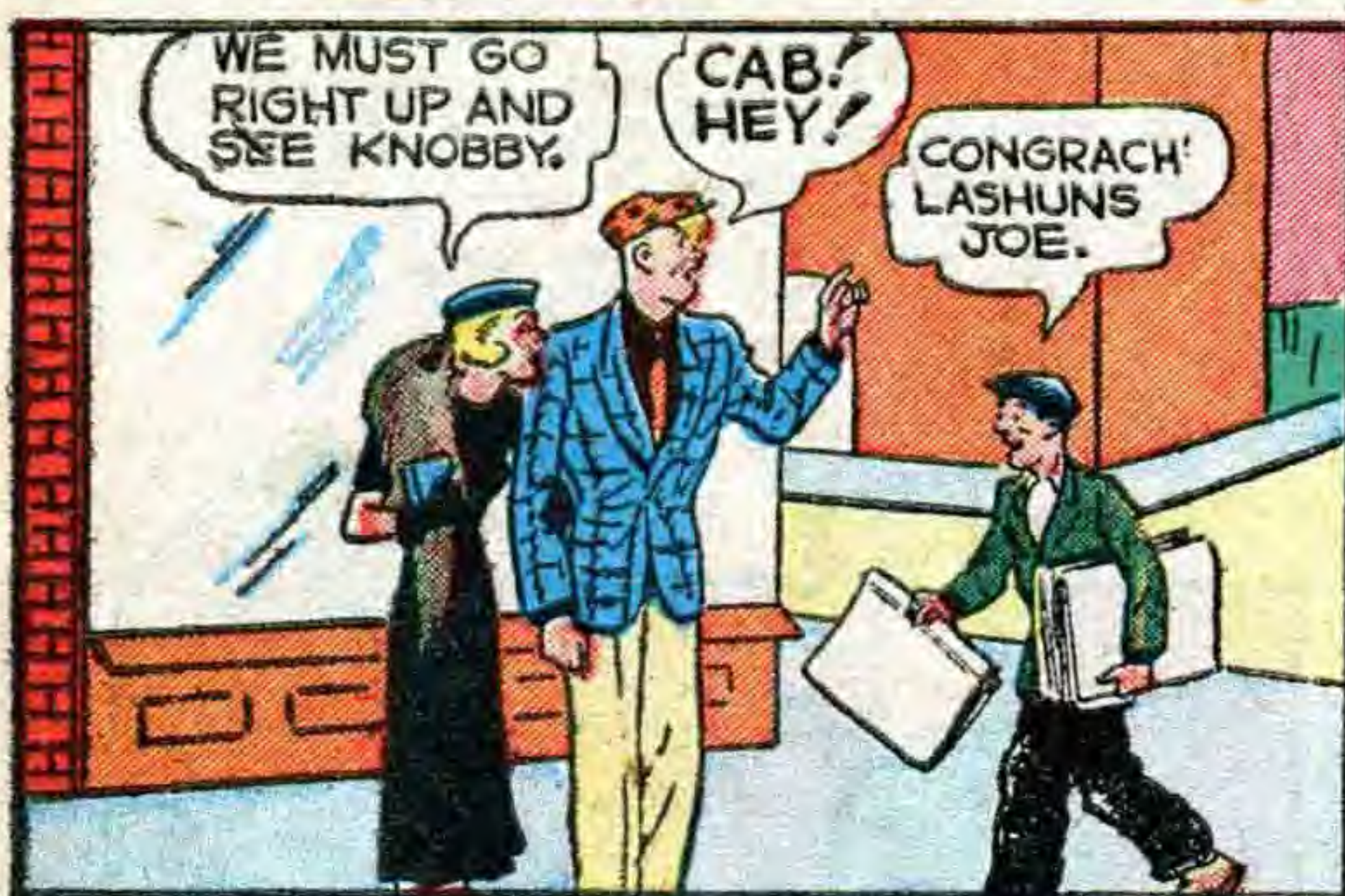


SOMETHING HAS CHANGED IN KNOBBY'S MIND. HE NOW STALKS THE MALE ATTENDANTS AND DOCTORS. HE'S ACCOMPLISHED TWO KAYOS TODAY.

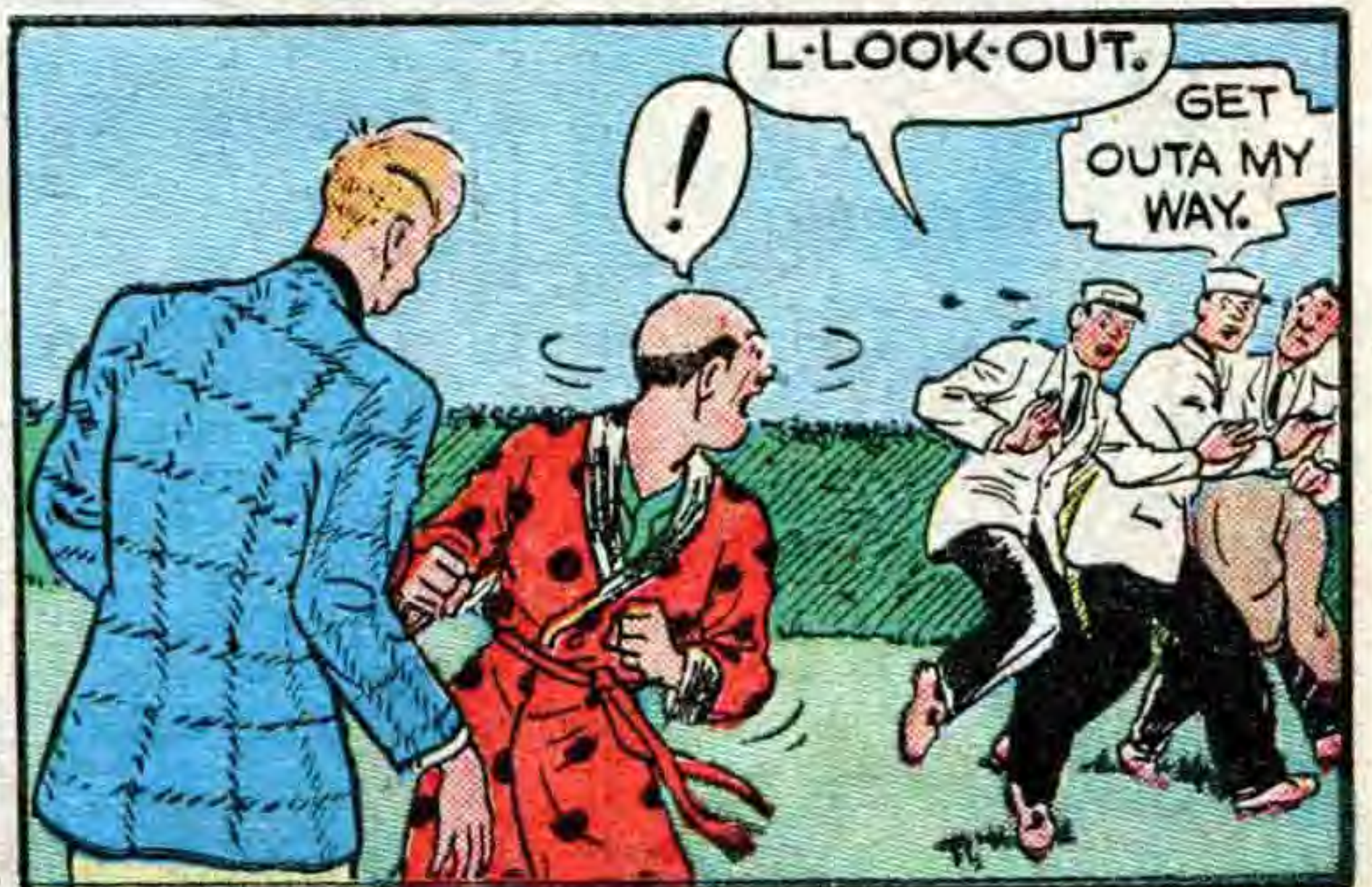
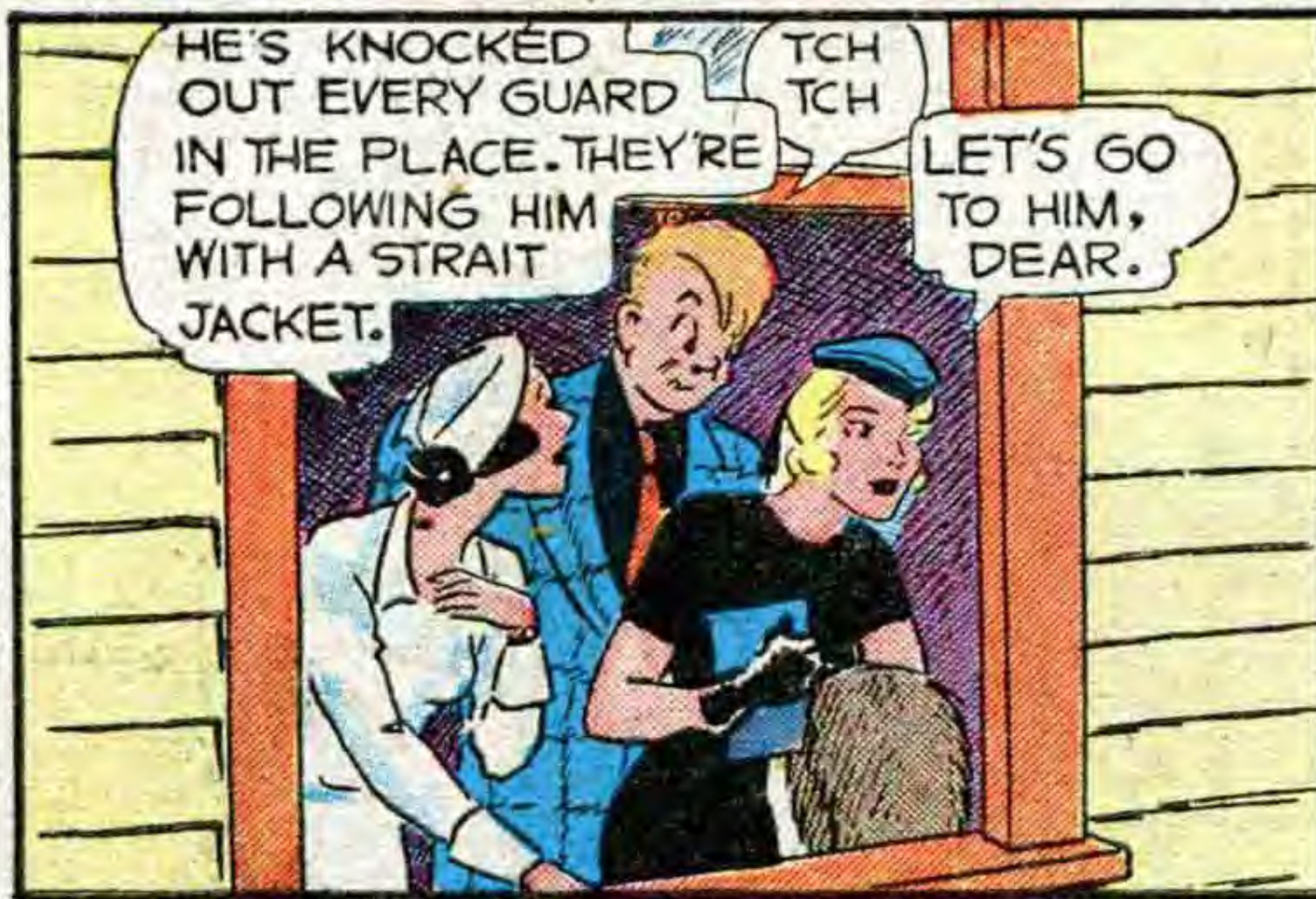
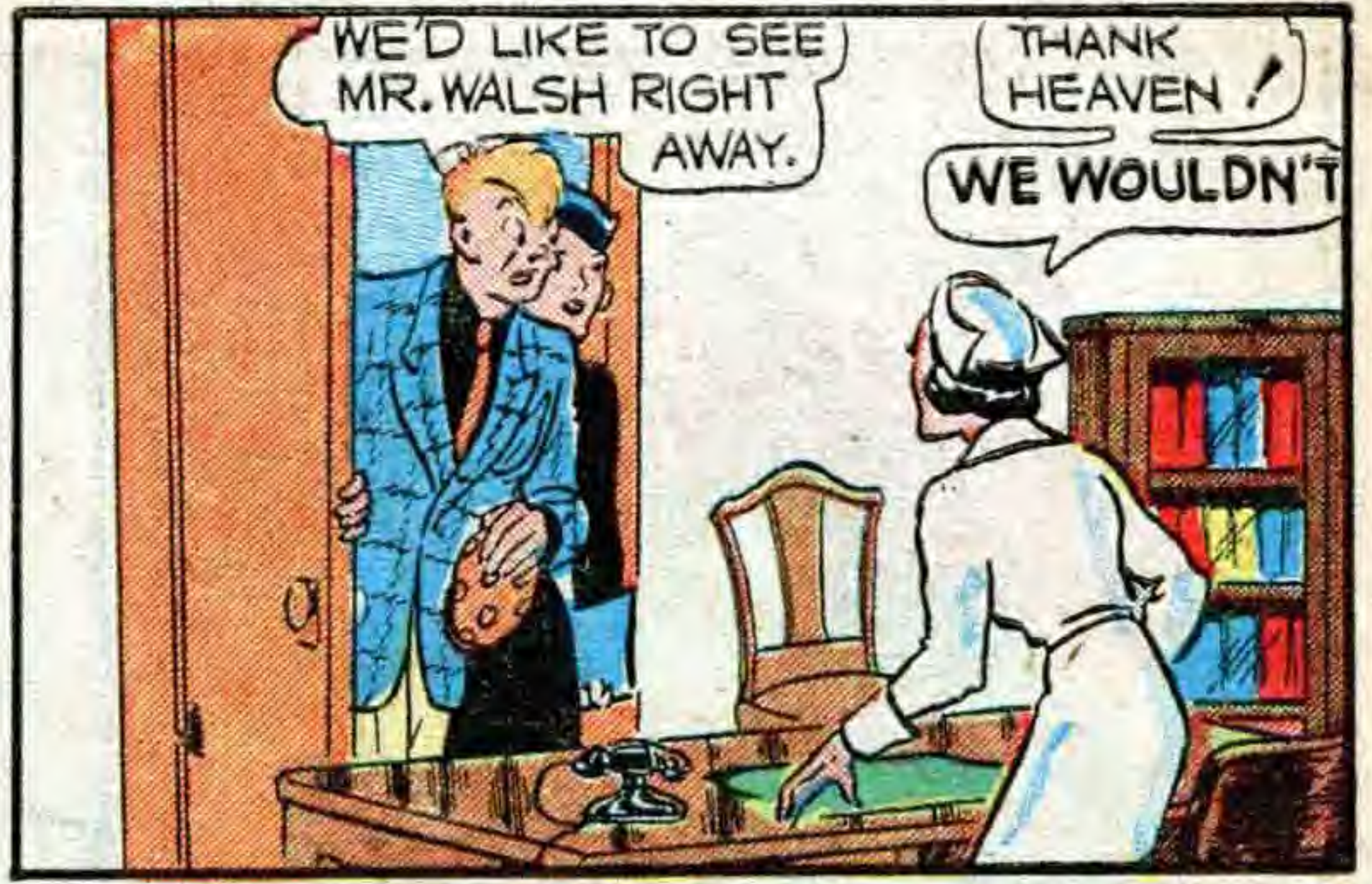
2.



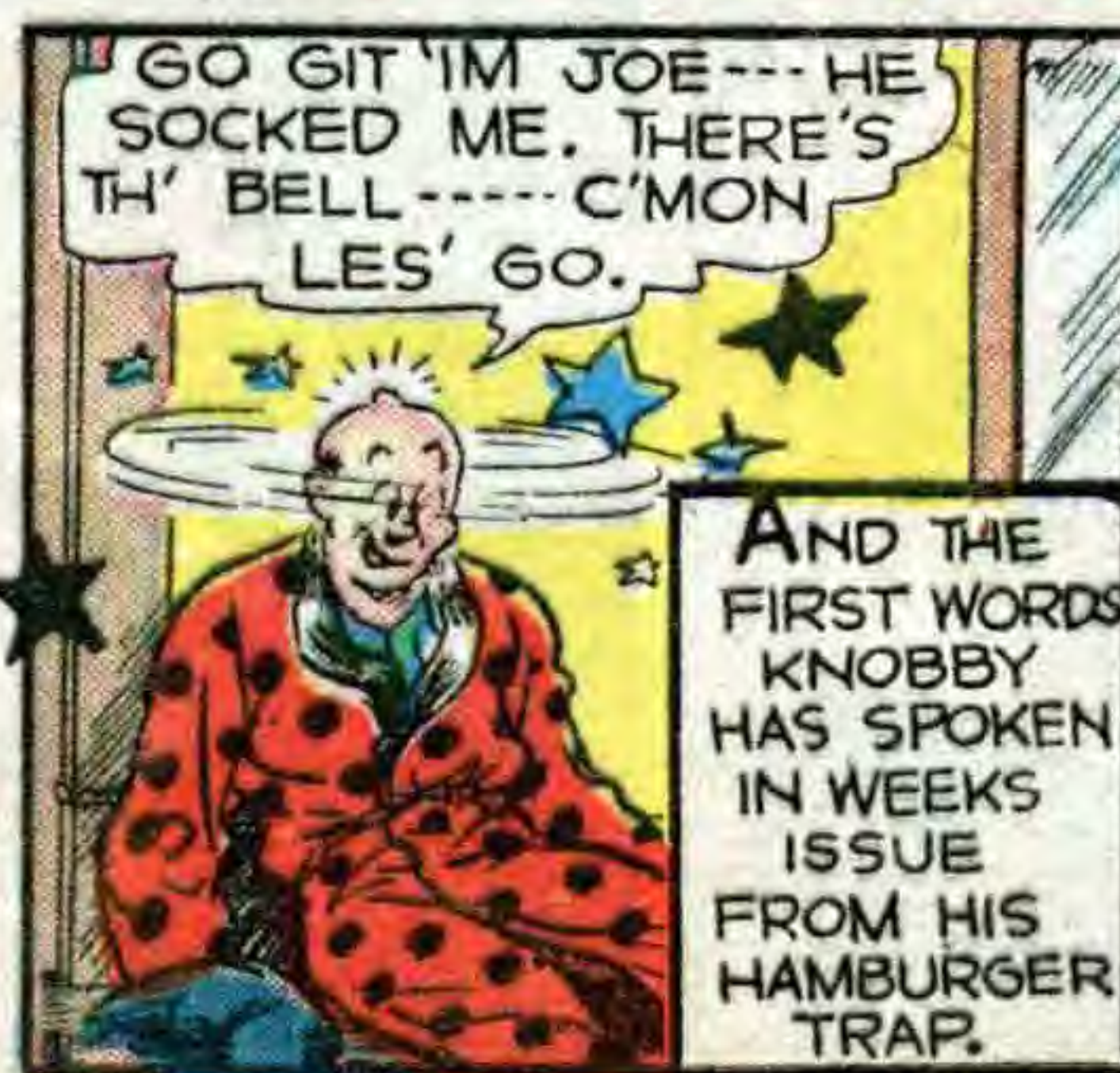
BIG SHOT COMICS



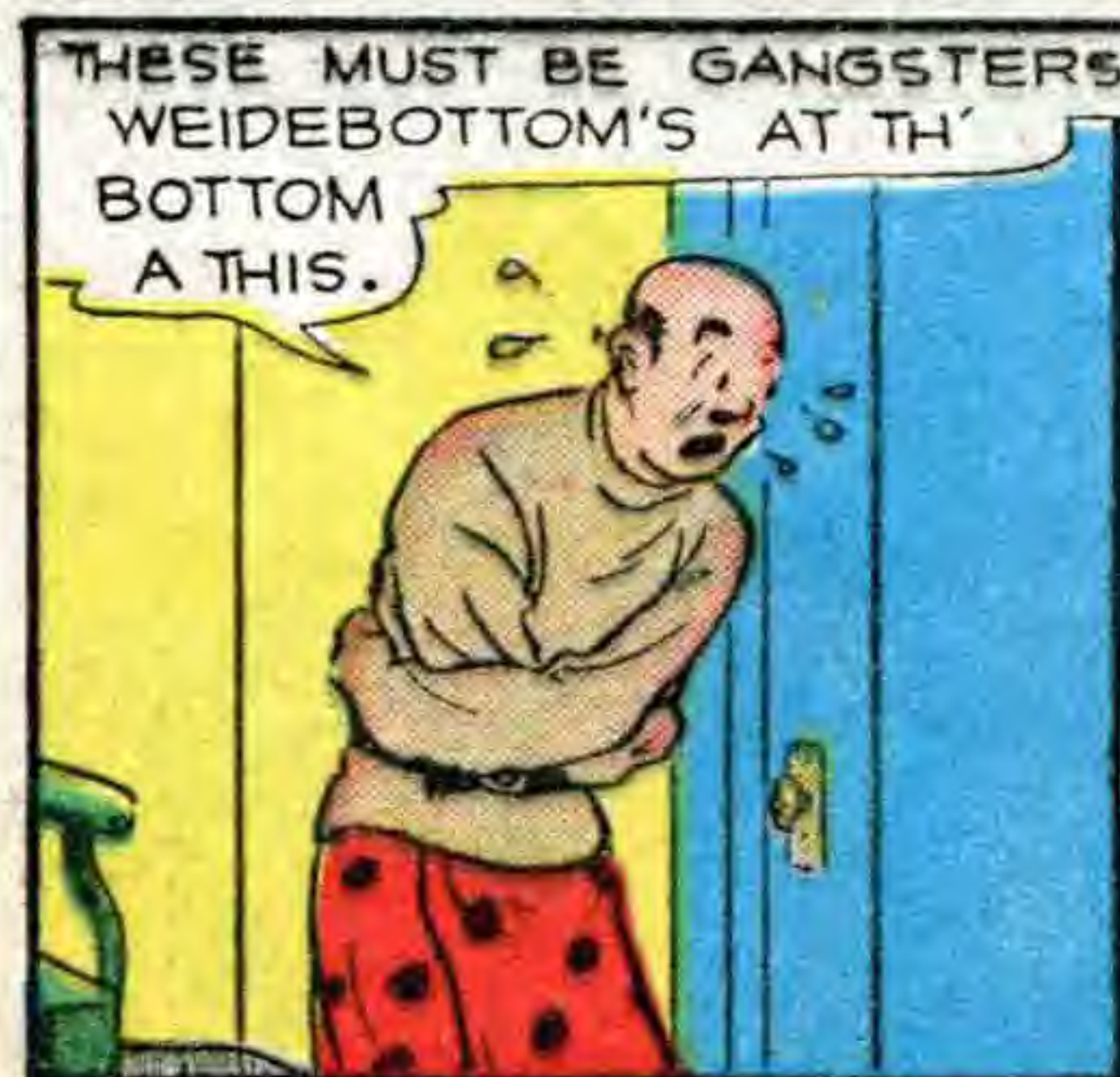
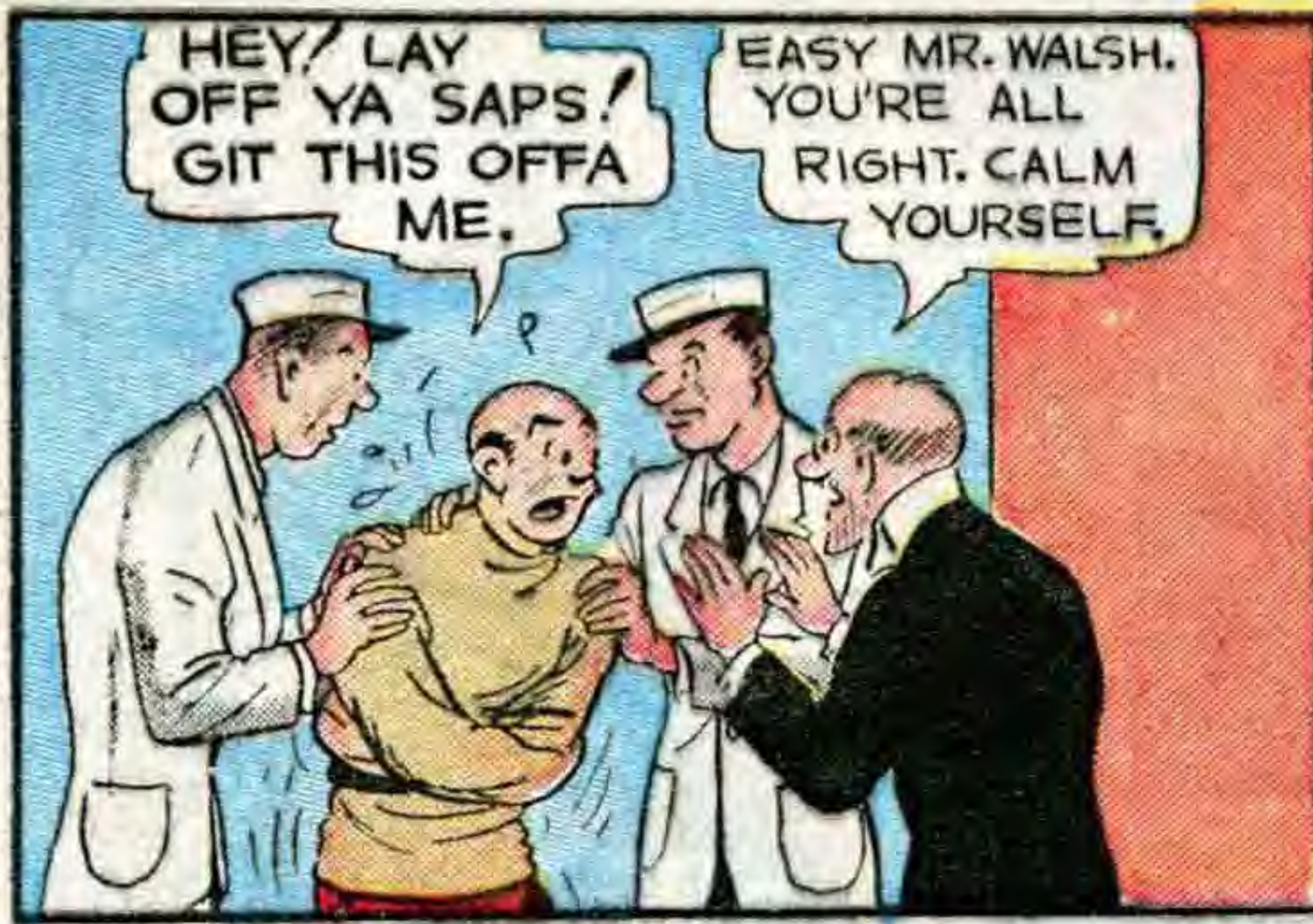
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



ROCKY RYAN



FROM CHINA BY SWIFT PLANE TO THE SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS OF INDIA'S NORTHERN MOUNTAINS COMES ROCKY RYAN TO MEET STRANGE ADVENTURE IN THE HILLS OF THE HINDU KUSH ---

AT AN AIRPORT IN LAHOR ---

THE SHOPPING DISTRICT. WHERE IS IT?

TO THE WEST, HUZOR! WHERE THE BANNERS ARE DYED YELLOW!



TEN DOLLAR SAHIB!

ALL RIGHT. HAVE IT CARTED OVER TO THE AIRPORT. I'LL NEED IT WHEN I FLY TO CALCUTTA!



AS HE SHOPS BUSILY, HE FAILS TO NOTICE DARK BROODING EYES THAT STARE AT HIM!

THE RAJAH GURKA!

NO. NOT THE RAJAH BUT - HIS DOUBLE!

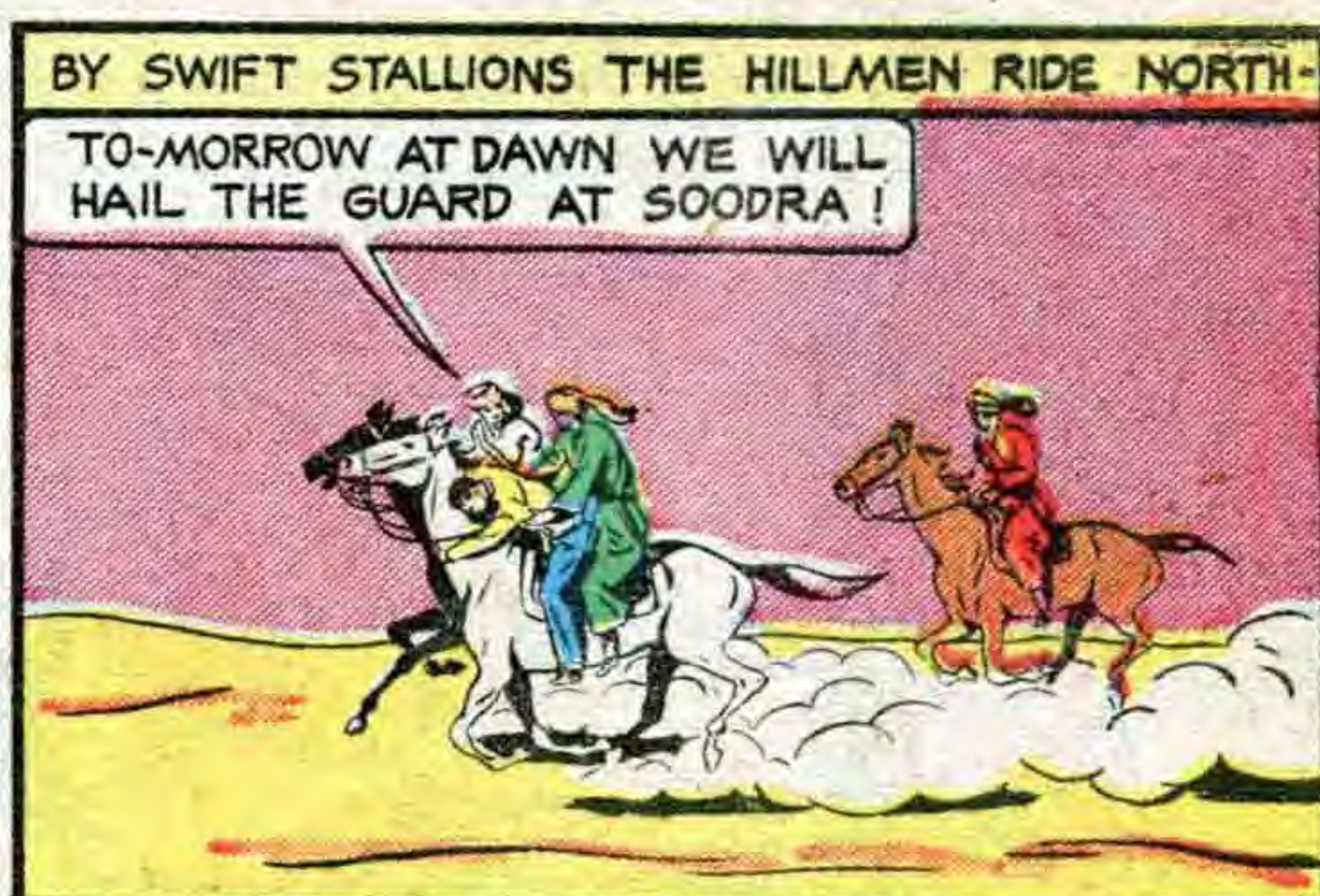
Y'ALLAH! WE WOULD BE WELL REWARDED!



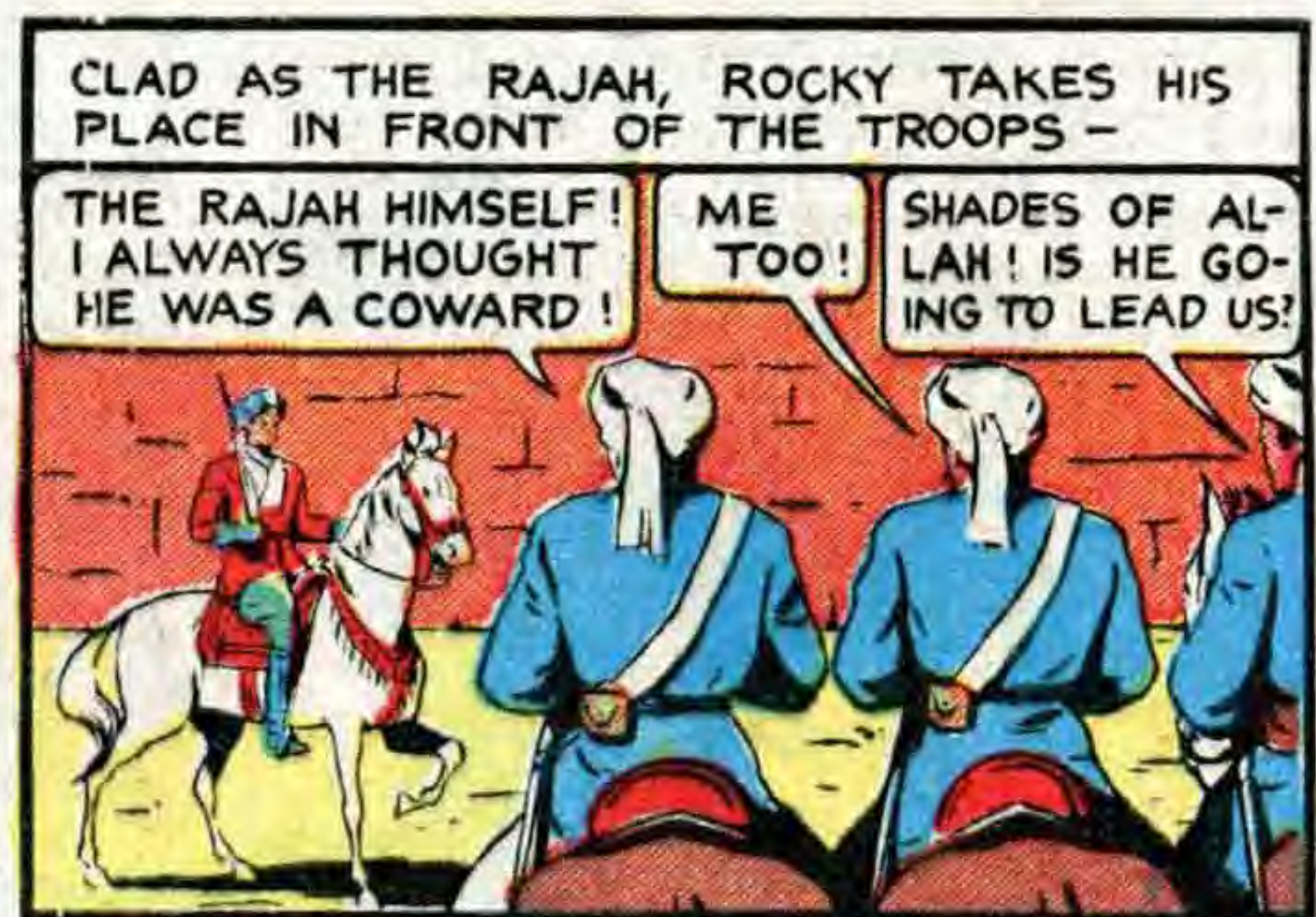
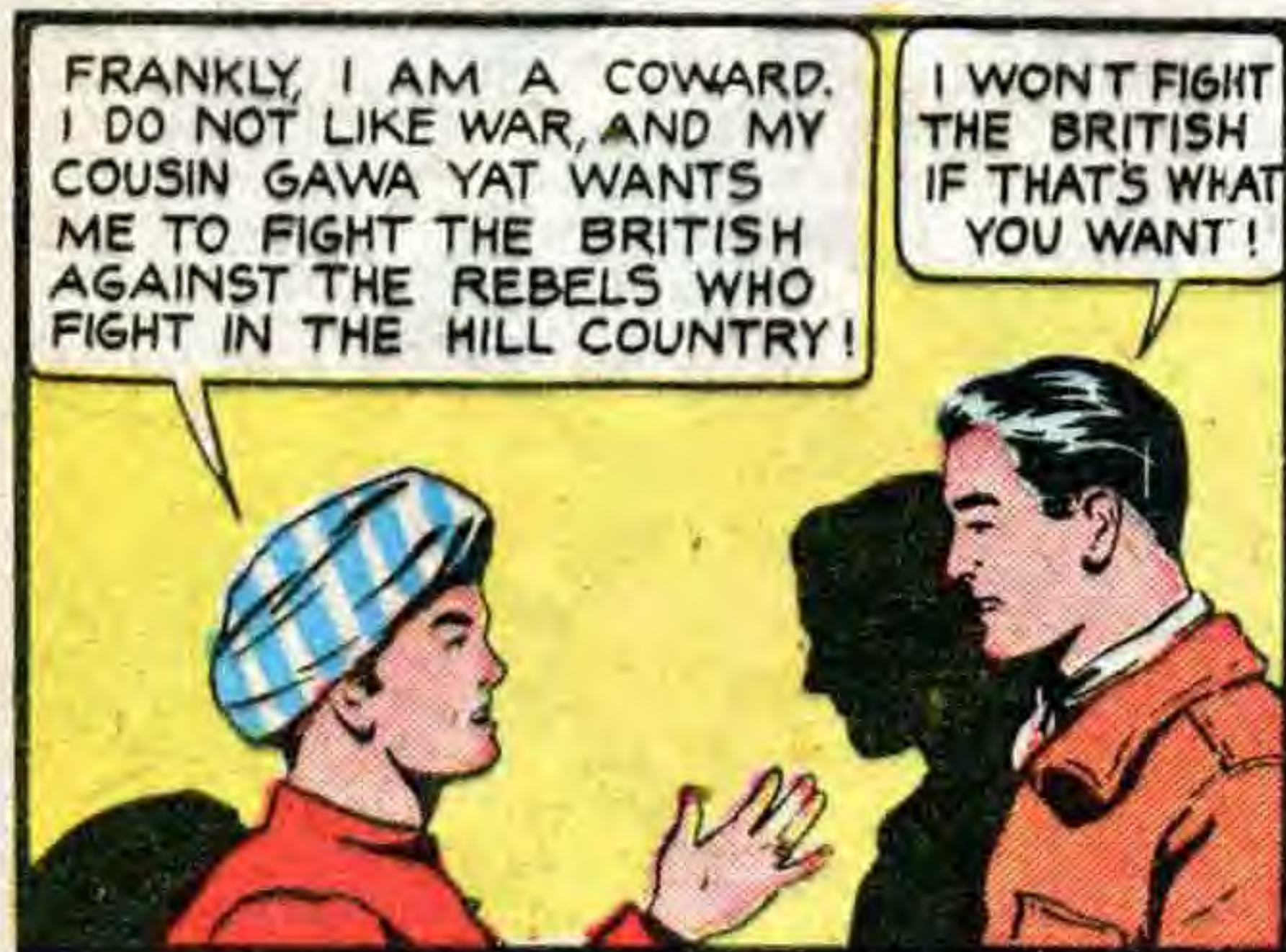
BIG SHOT COMICS



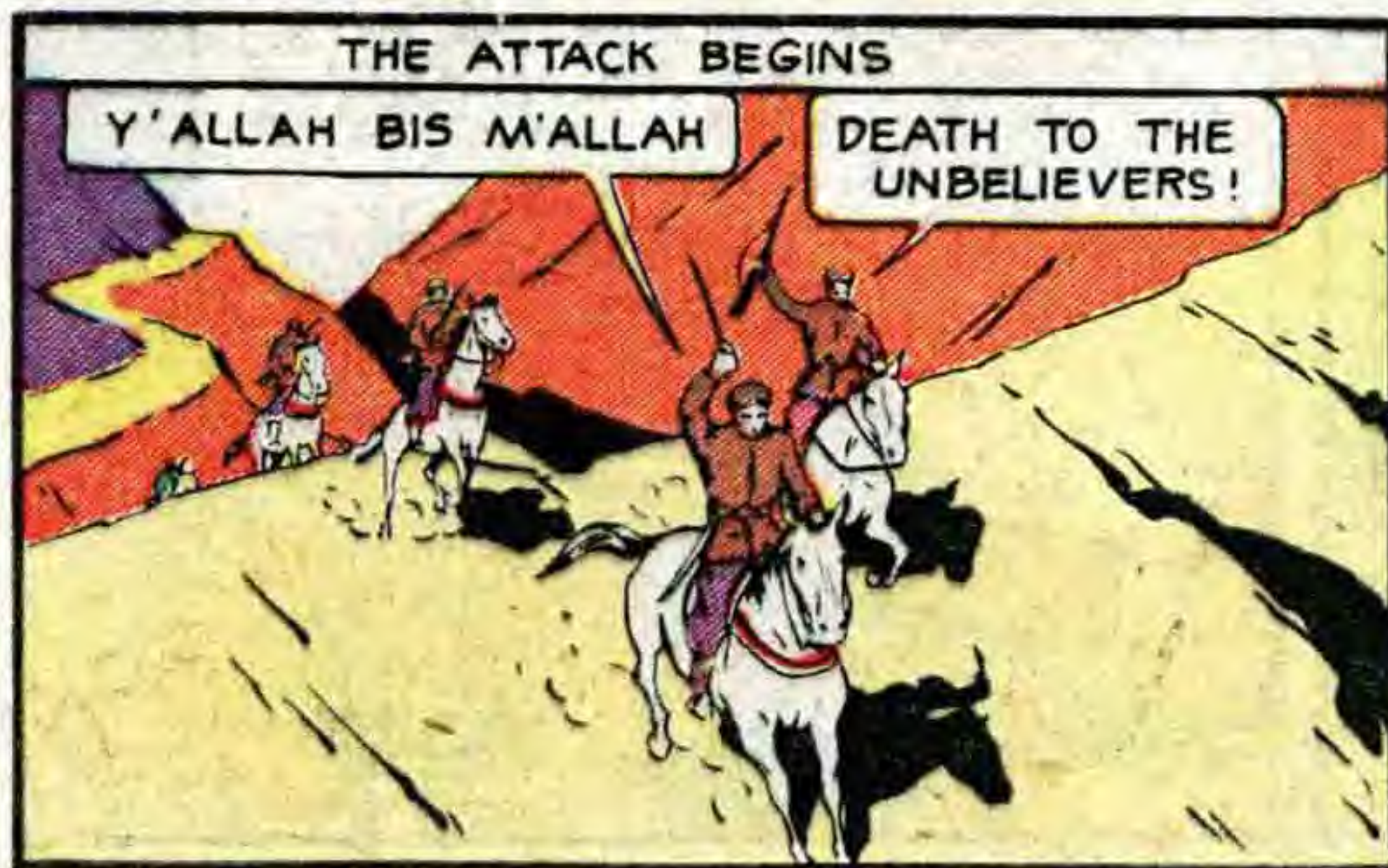
THE REMAINING ASSAILANT HITS HARD - JUST ONCE !



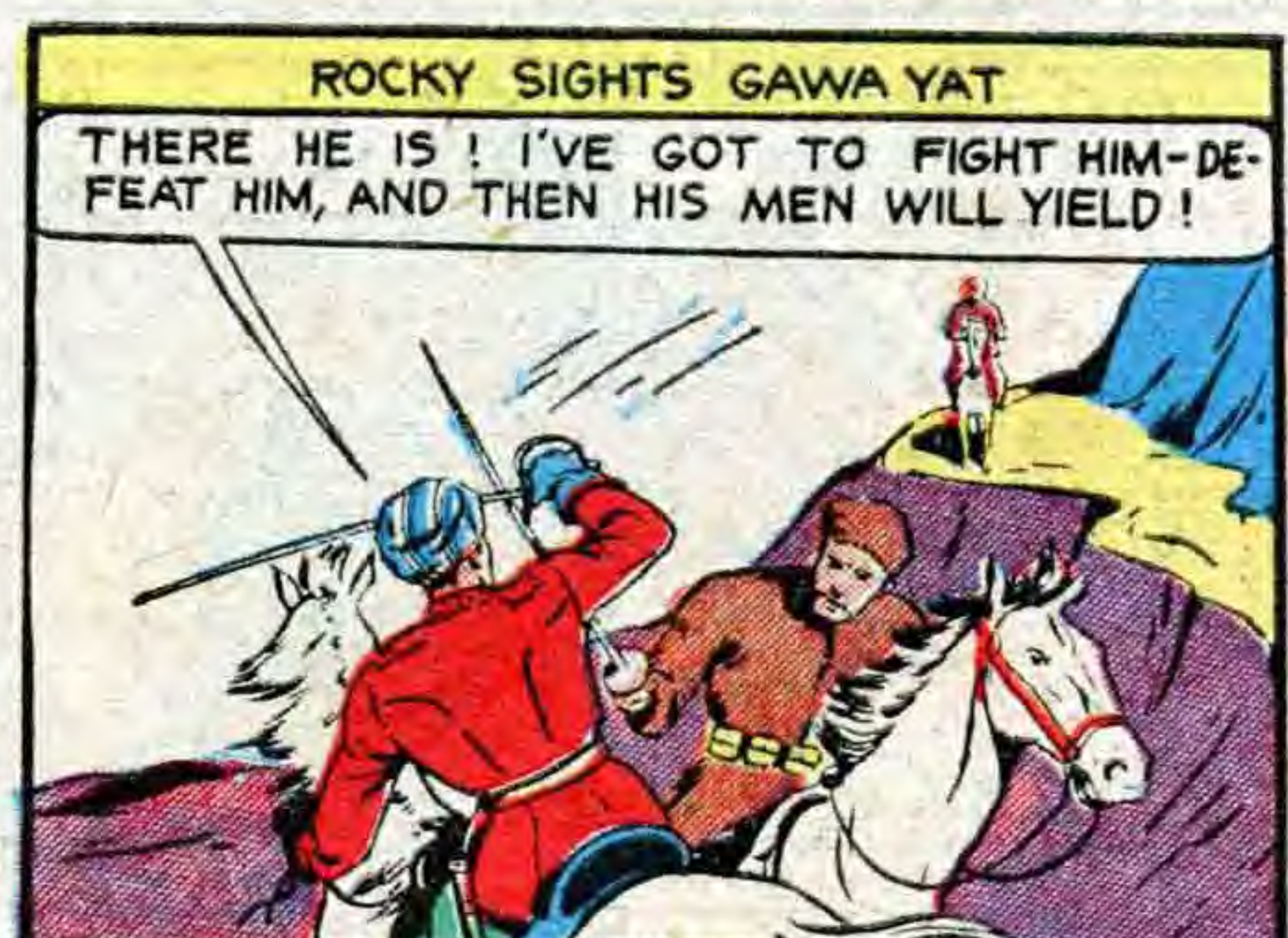
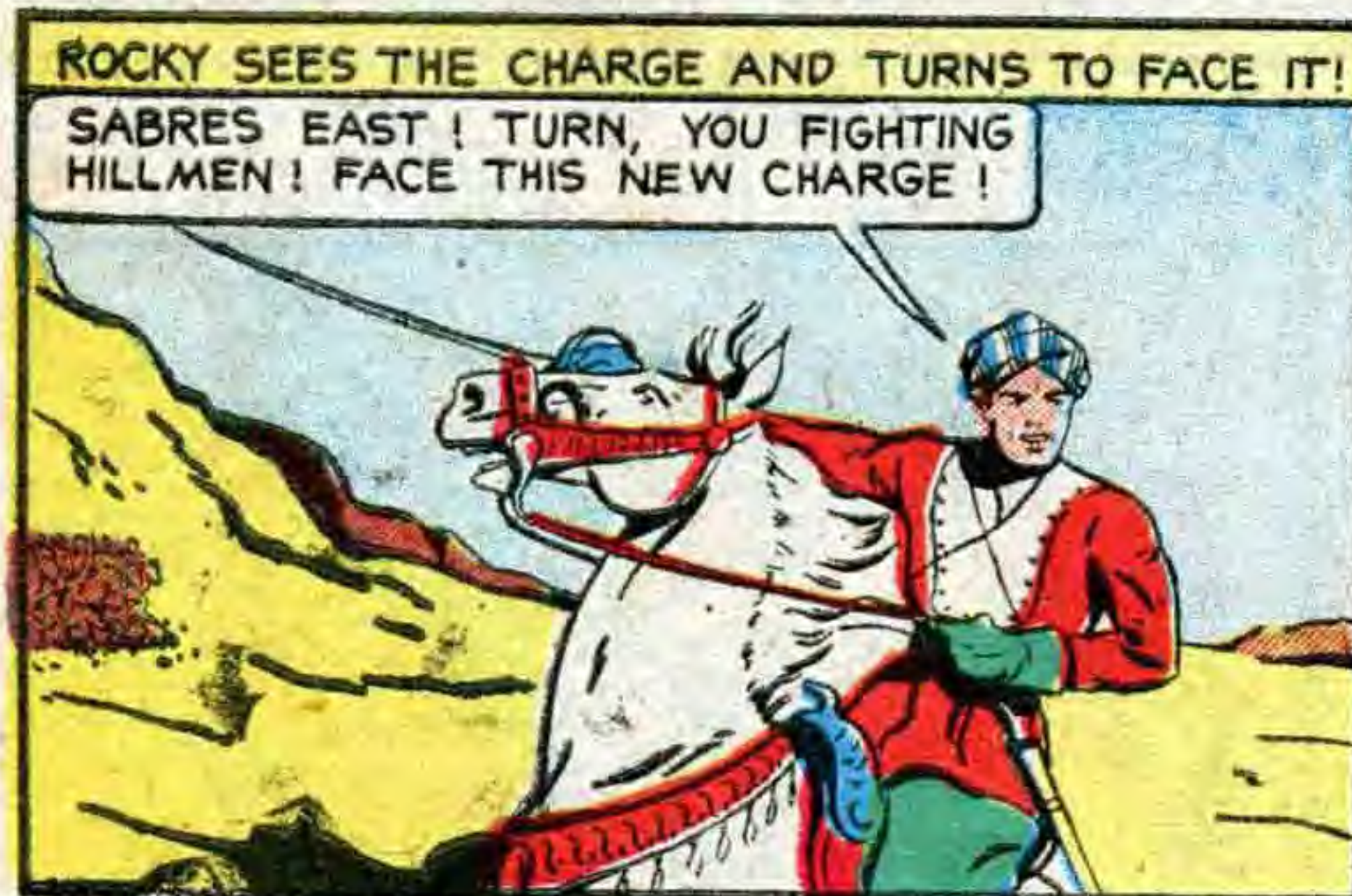
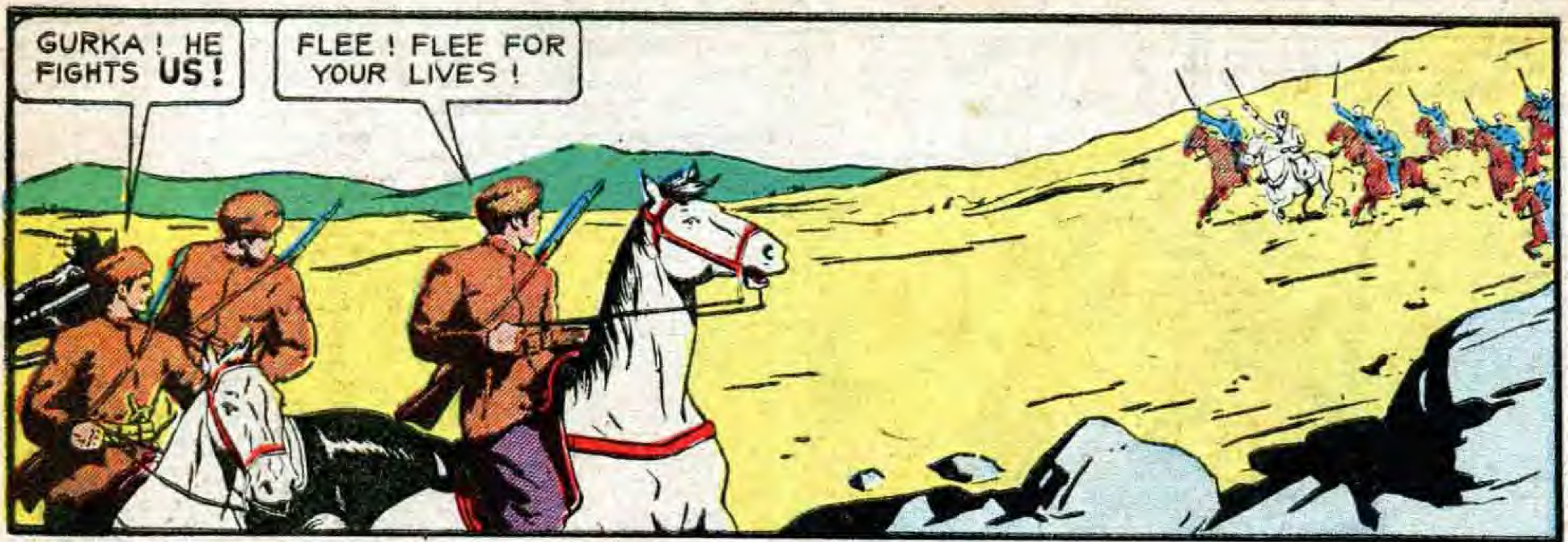
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



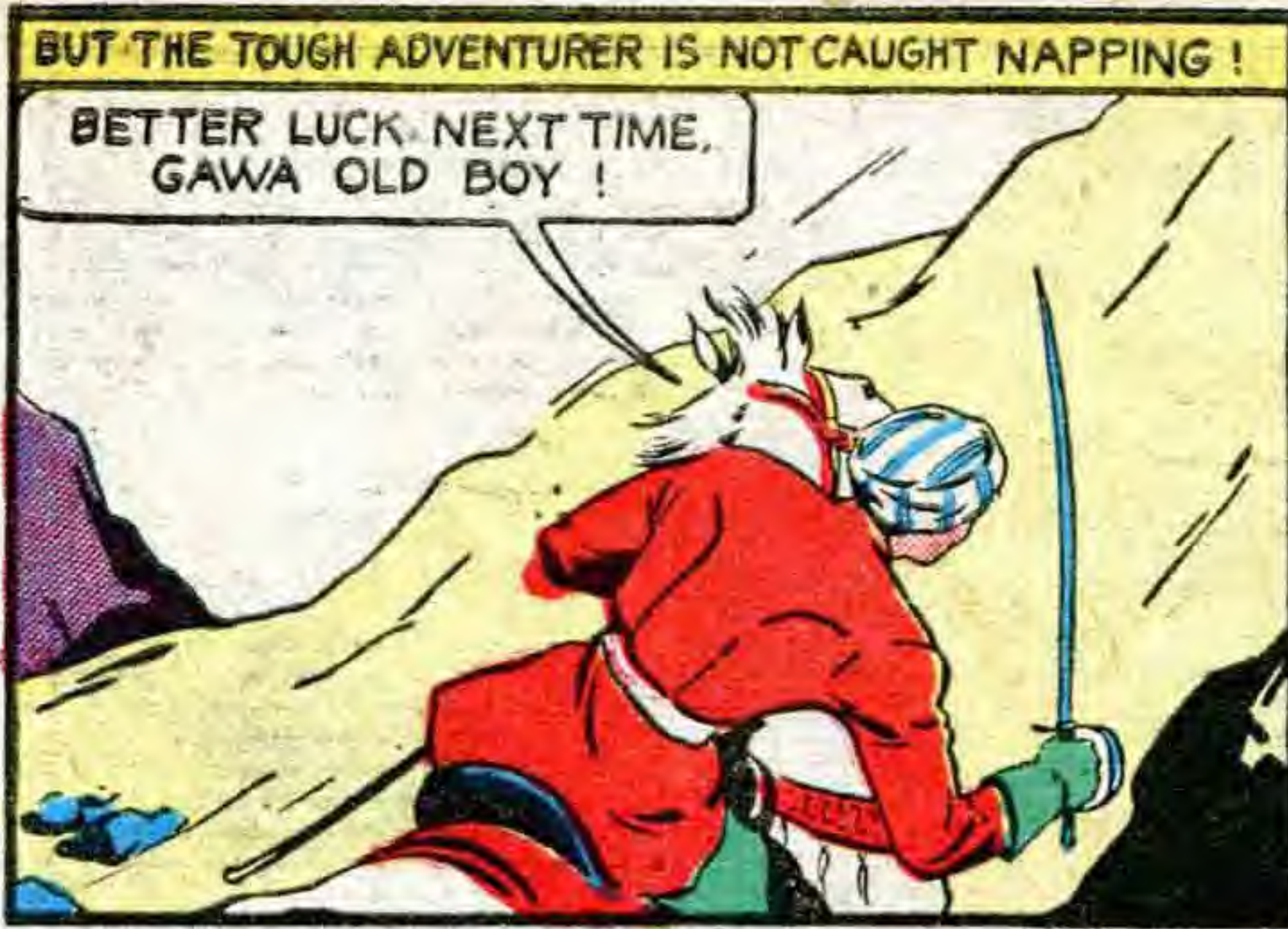
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

BUT THE TOUGH ADVENTURER IS NOT CAUGHT NAPPING!

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME,
GAWA OLD BOY!

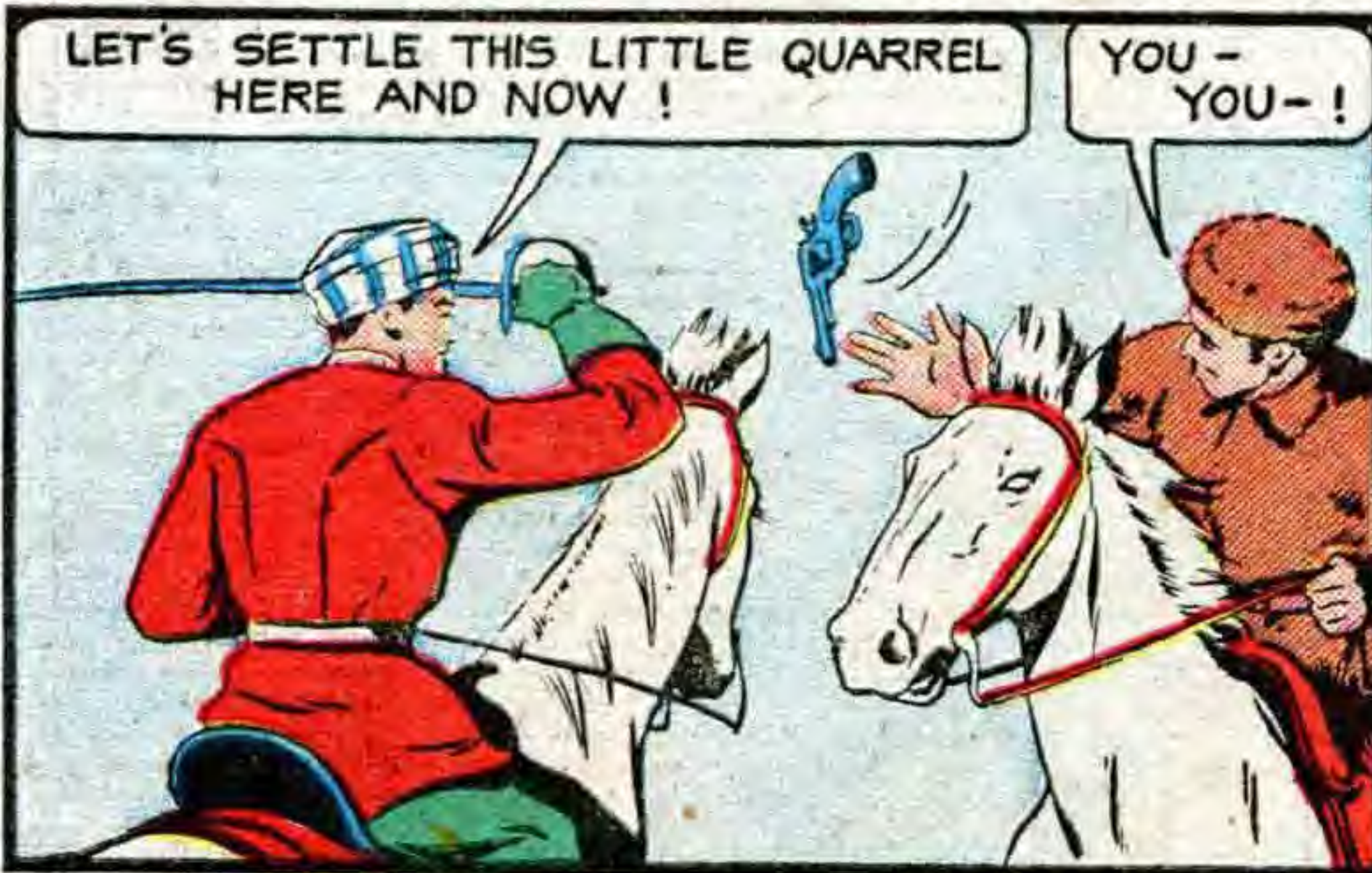


BECAUSE YOU'LL
NEED IT!



LET'S SETTLE THIS LITTLE QUARREL
HERE AND NOW!

YOU -
YOU -!



ON THE PLAIN BELOW THE BATTLE HALTS TO
WATCH AS THE TWO CHIEFTAINS FIGHT!

WHOEVER WINS
THERE - WINS
DOWN HERE!

AYE, SO
HE DOES!



TRY TO KILL ME,
WILL YOU!

YOU FIGHT LIKE A
DEMON FROM HADES!



GAWA YAT'S HORSE'S HOOF SLIPS -



THAT ENDS THE THREAT OF THE REBELS!



ALONG THE TRAIL TOWARD THE
RAJAH'S PALACE STRONGHOLD

YOU'RE QUITE A
FIGHTER, RAJAH!
MY DAD AND I
ARE VERY GRATEFUL!

NOT AT ALL. YOU
SEE I WAS-ER-SORT
OF FORCED INTO IT,
BUT I ENJOYED IT
JUST THE SAME!

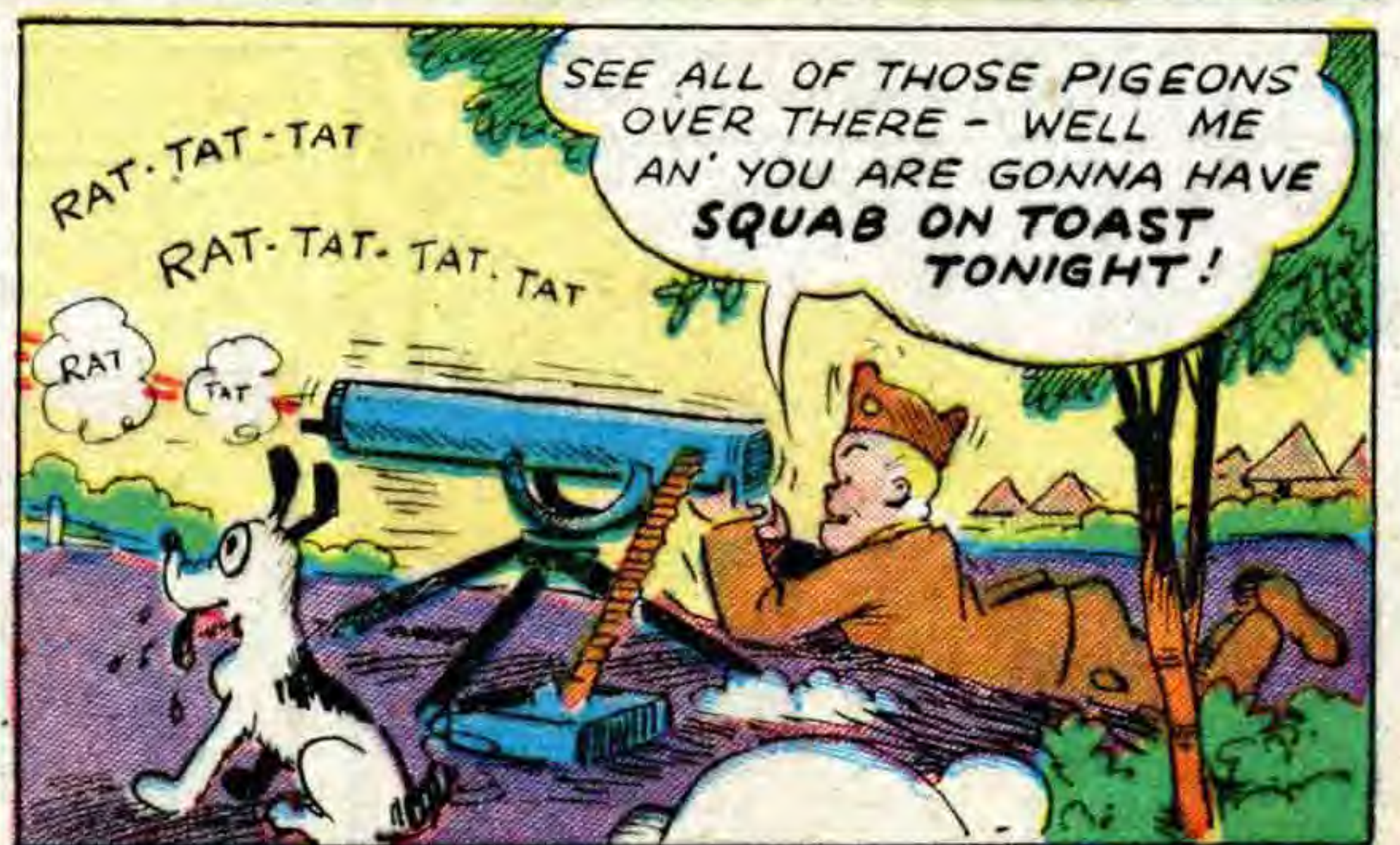
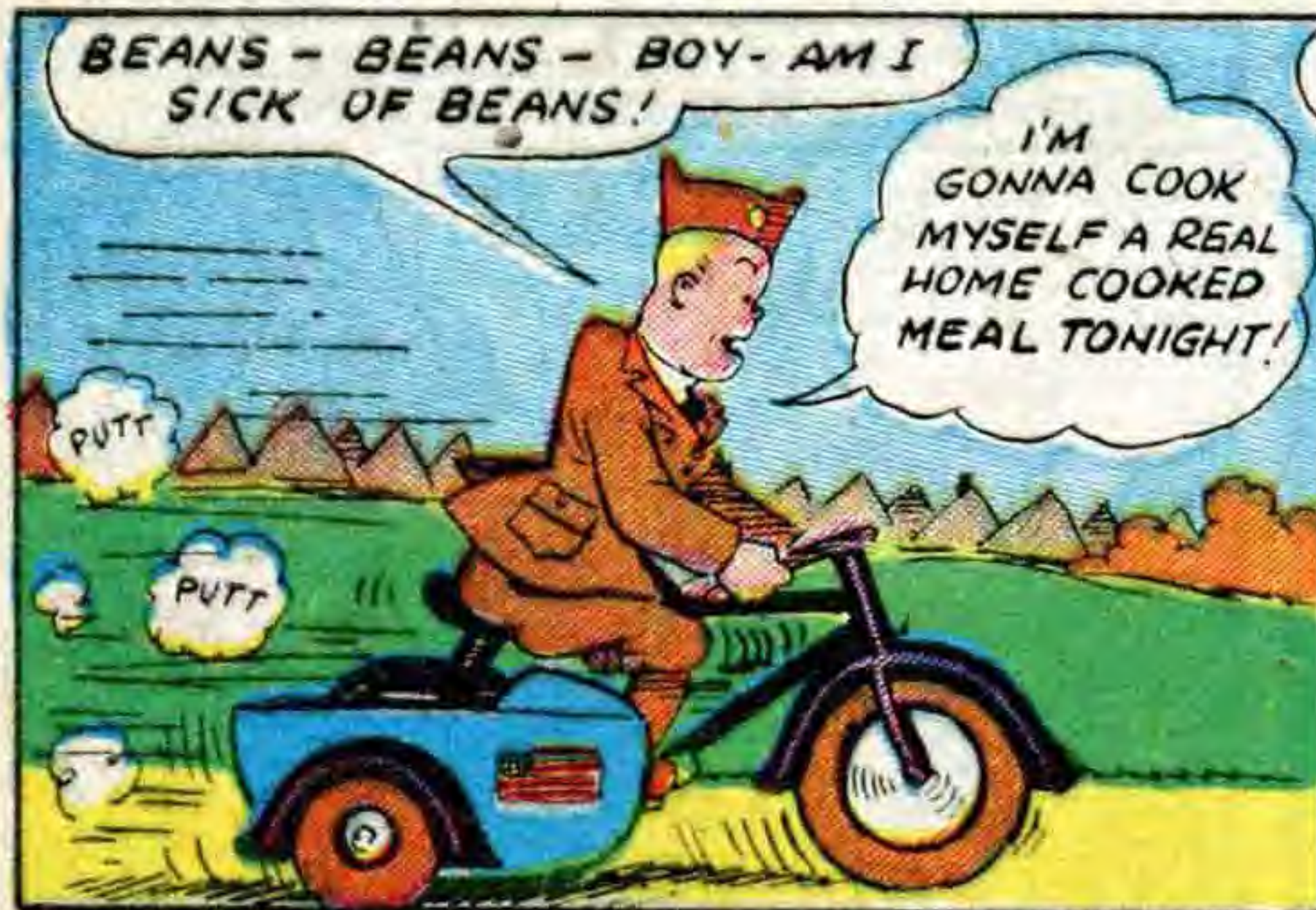
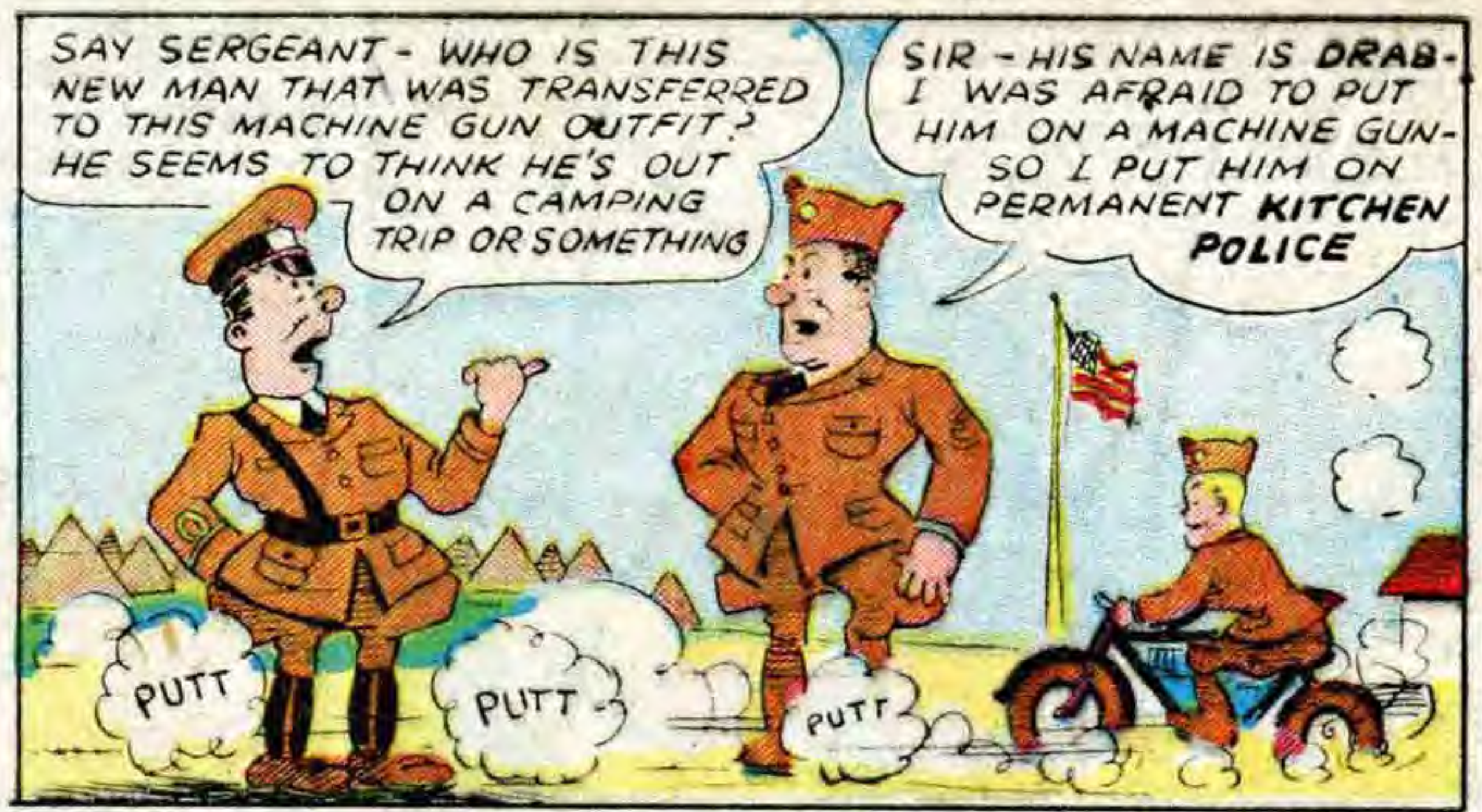


BUT WILL THE
RAJAH
PROVE GRATEFUL
TO ROCKY FOR
WHAT HE HAS
DONE? DON'T
MISS THE
THRILLING
SEQUEL IN
NEXT MONTH'S
COPY OF

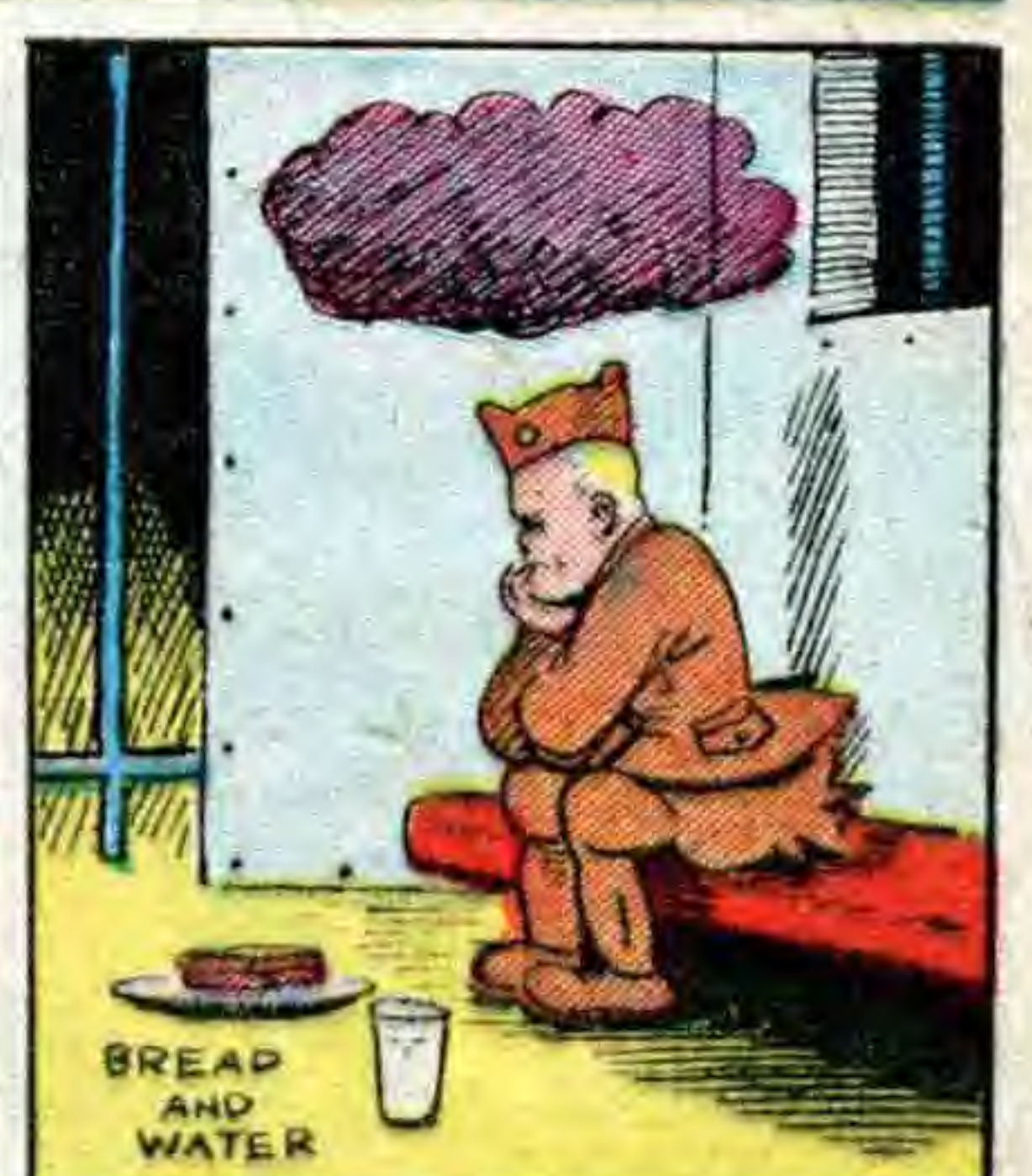
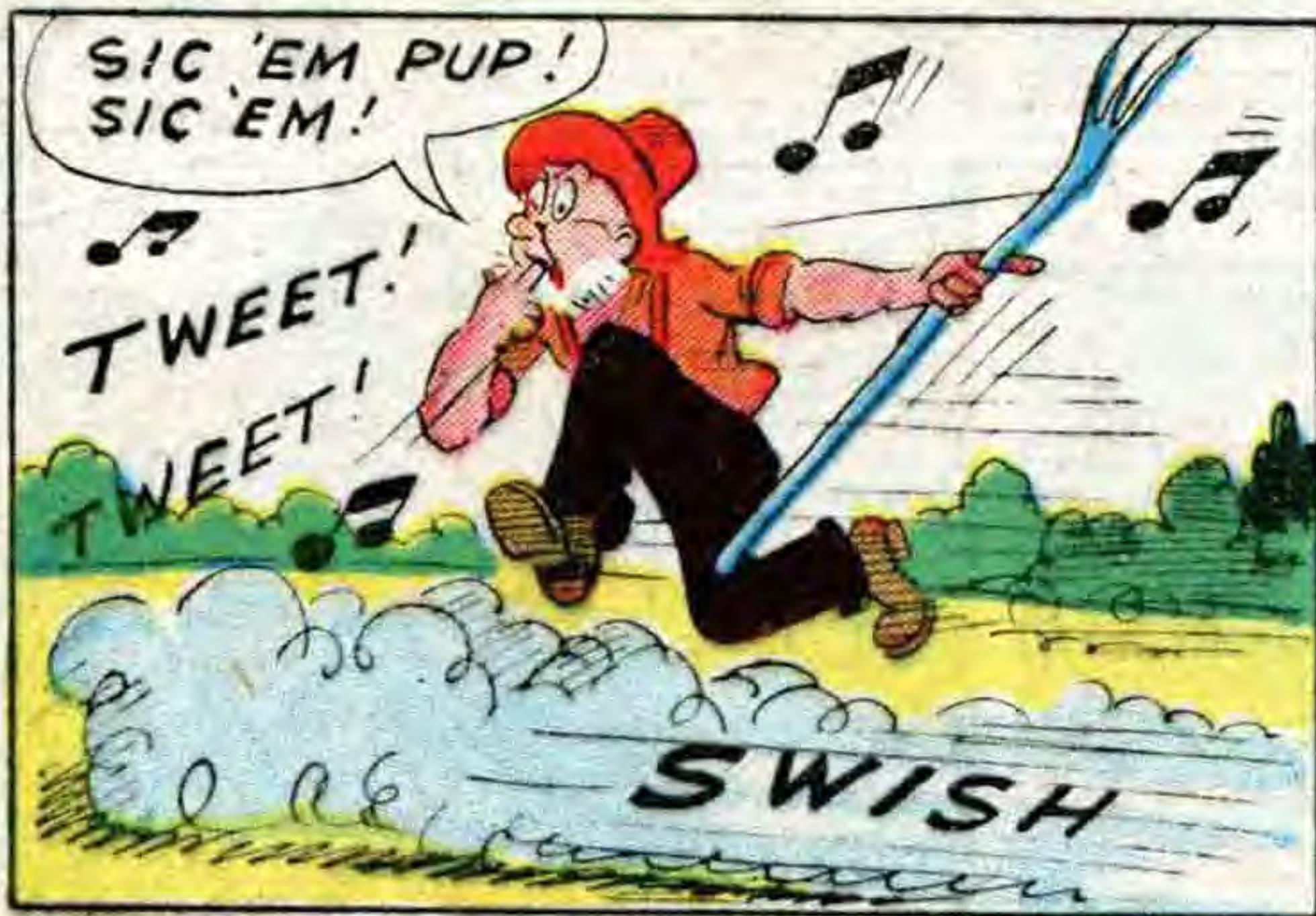
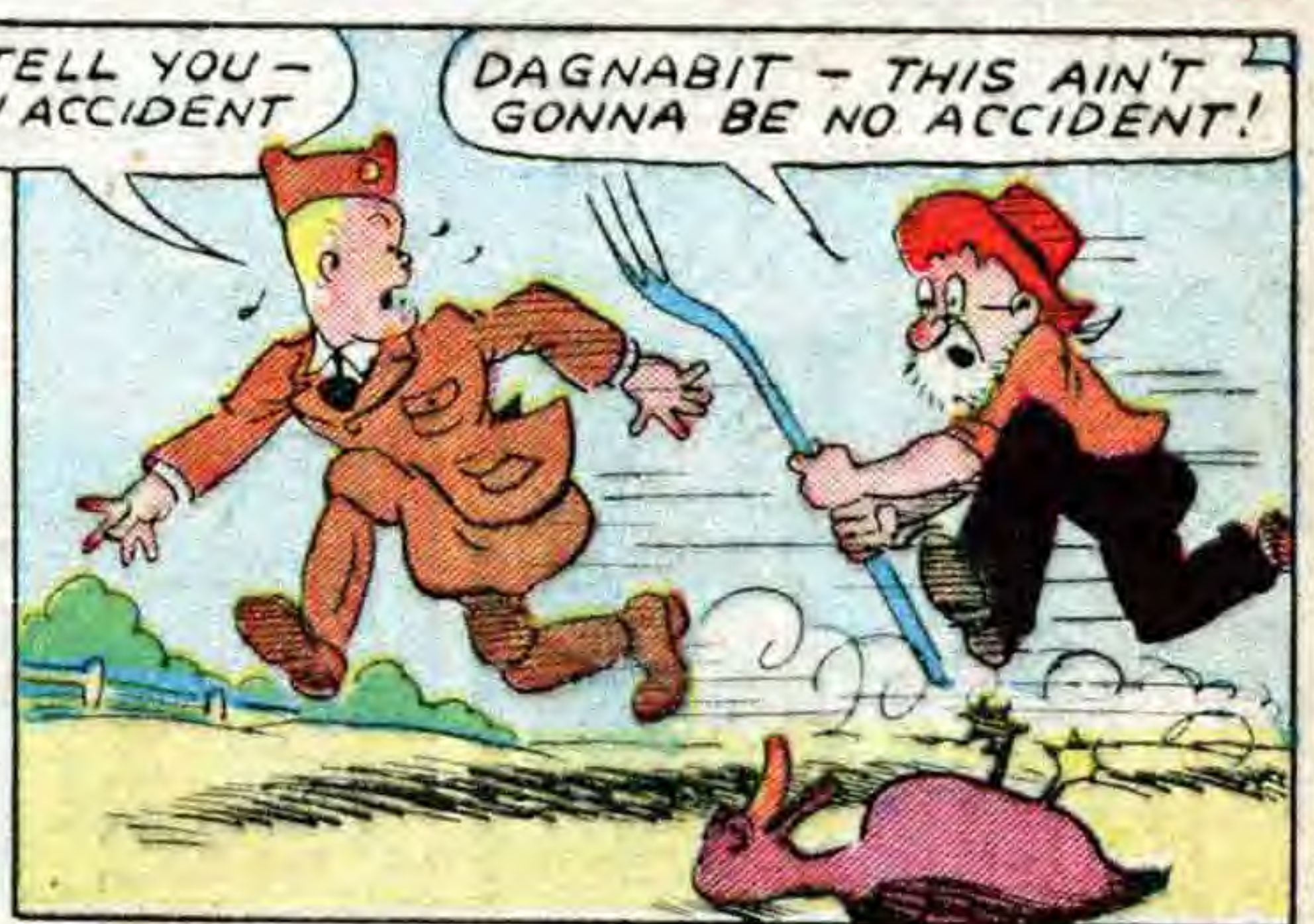
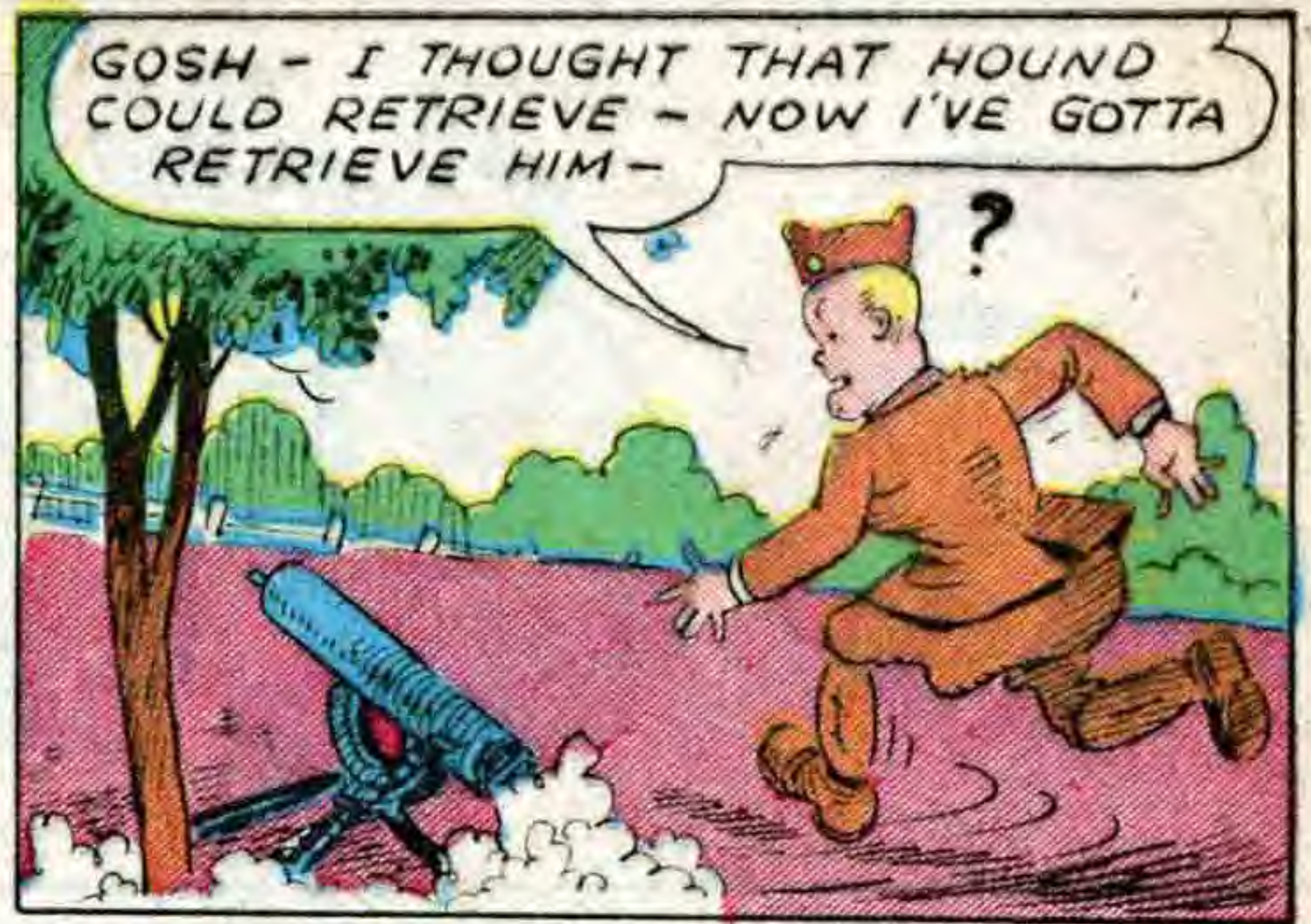
**BIG
SHOT
COMICS**

BIG SHOT COMICS

OLIVER DRAB



BIG SHOT COMICS





Charlie CHAN

MARY CONWAY'S FRIEND, ERIC, HAS BEEN FRAMED FOR MURDER. SHE HAS ASKED CHARLIE CHAN TO HELP CLEAR HIM.....
ERIC'S IN JAIL.

AT LEAST LET ME GET WORD TO MY FRIENDS OR A LAWYER!

YOU'LL GET NOTHING BUT THE TOUGH END OF A RUBBER HOSE UNTIL YOU CONFESS!

MEANWHILE CHARLIE CHAN IS STILL TWENTY MILES AWAY...
- AND WHOEVER ROBBED THE HOTEL ROCKINGHAM SAFE LEFT ERIC'S GLOVE!

HAH! ETHIOPIAN LURKS IN WOOD PILE!

CHARLIE- YOU CAN STOP CHIEF HAYCOXE FROM ARRESTING ERIC, CAN'T YOU?

MAKE RESOLUTION ERIC MARLIN WILL NOT LANGUISH IN BASTILLE!

JAILER! LET ME GET WORD TO MARY OR CHAN!

PIPE DOWN!

THAT CARNIVAL MANAGER, MARLIN, ROBBED OUR BANK AND SHOT POOR JIMMY OLSON!

THAT'S THE SECOND MURDER IN FOUR DAYS! LET'S DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

MARLIN OUGHT TO BE HUNG!

LET'S STRING HIM UP!

THAT'S IT! THE SOONER THE BETTER!

GET A ROPE!

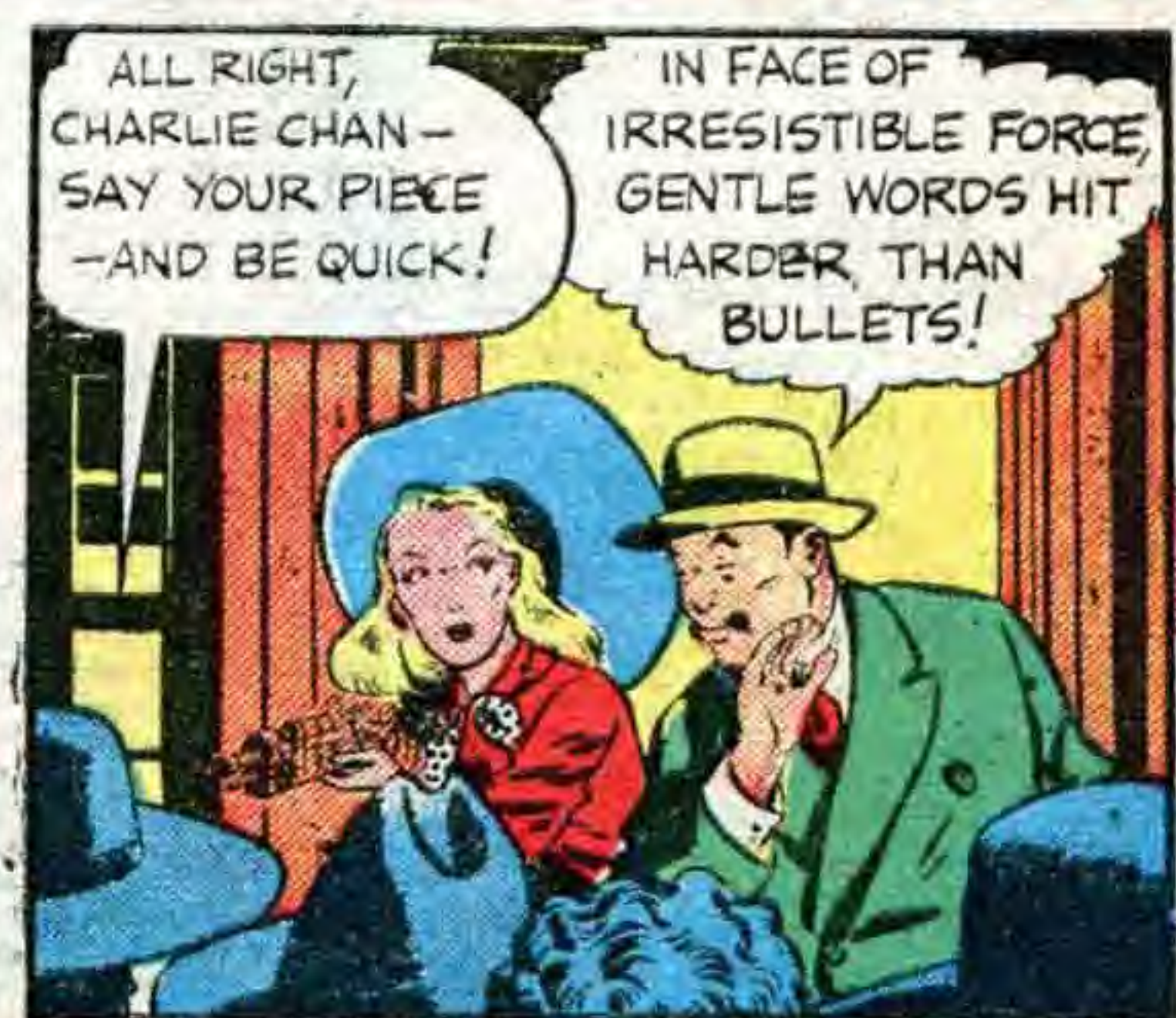
HERE'S ONE!

AS CHARLIE CHAN AND MARY CONWAY REACH ROCKINGHAM, THE TOWNSPEOPLE STORM THE JAIL TO LYNCH HER FIANCE, ERIC MARLIN

LYNCH ERIC? OH, CHARLIE! WE MUST STOP THEM!

MOB CANNOT THINK - CAN ONLY ACT!

BIG SHOT COMICS



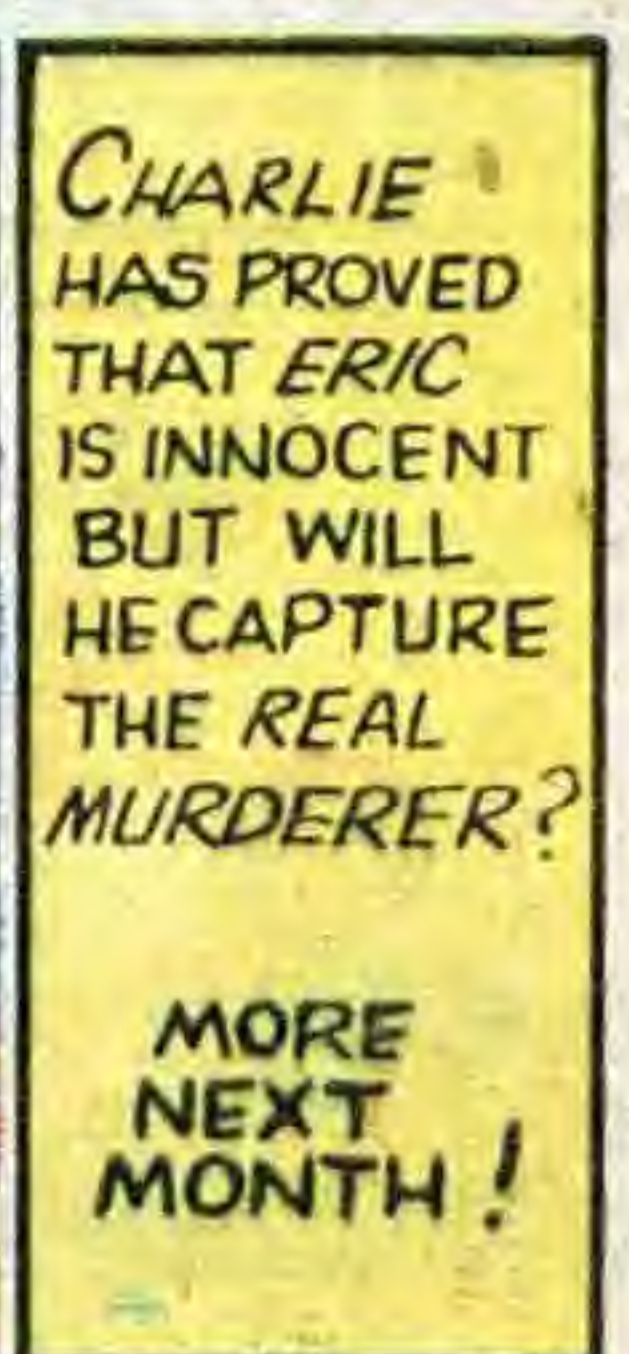
BIG SHOT COMICS



HAVING GAINED FORTY-EIGHT HOURS TO PROVE ERIC MARLIN'S INNOCENCE, CHARLIE EXAMINES THE BODY OF THE MURDERED WATCHMAN...



BIG SHOT COMICS



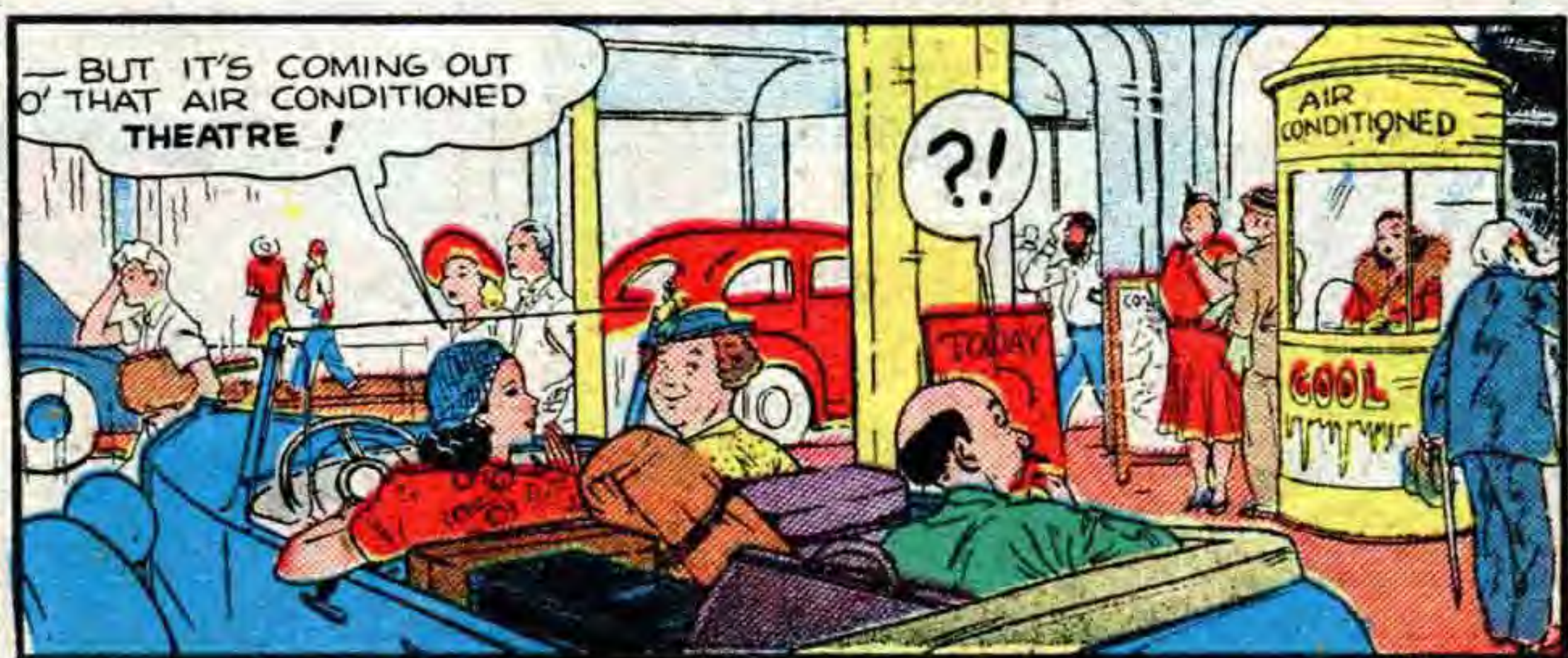
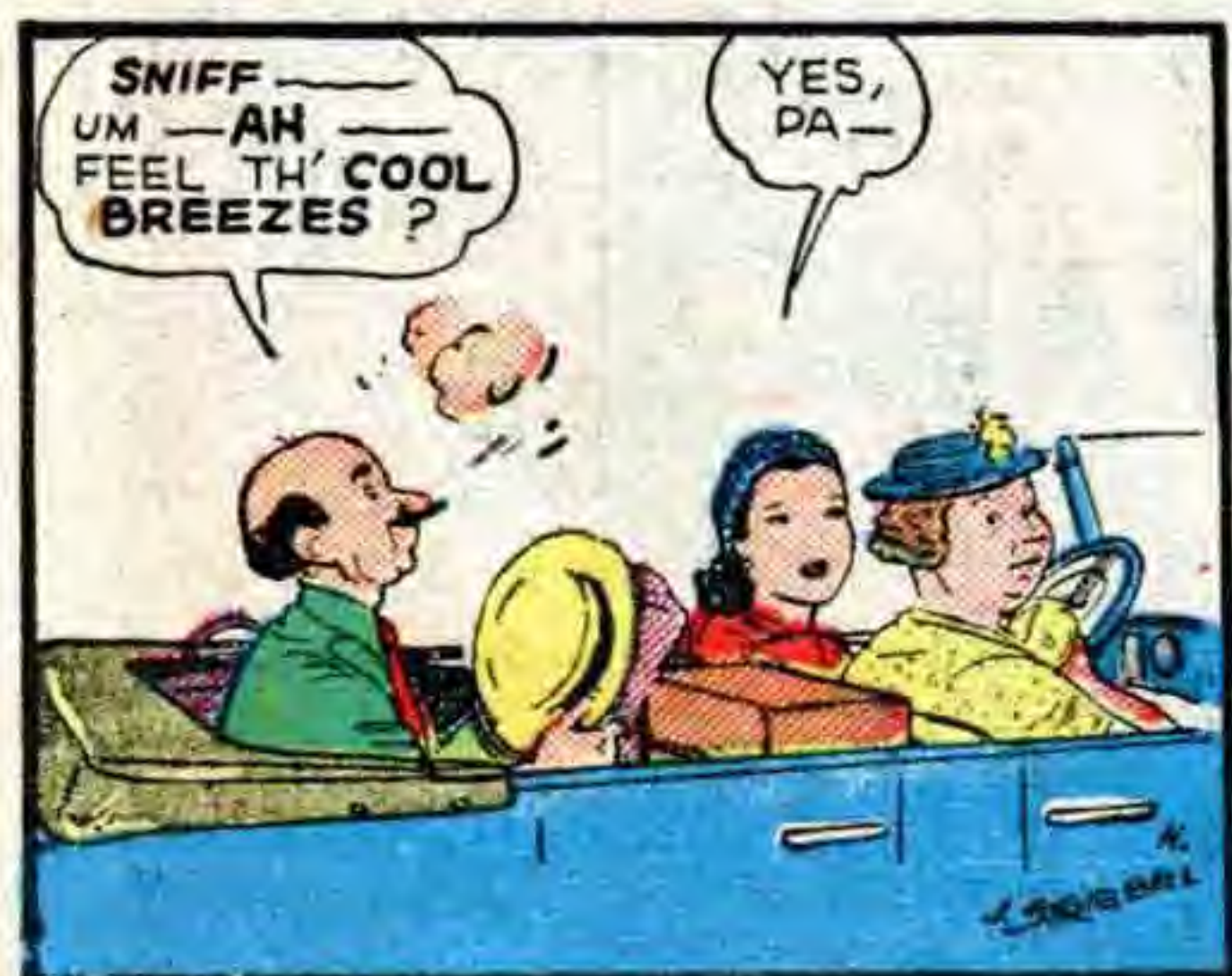
BIG SHOT COMICS



DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL

THE DUGANS HAVE RENTED A COTTAGE AT THE BEACH!

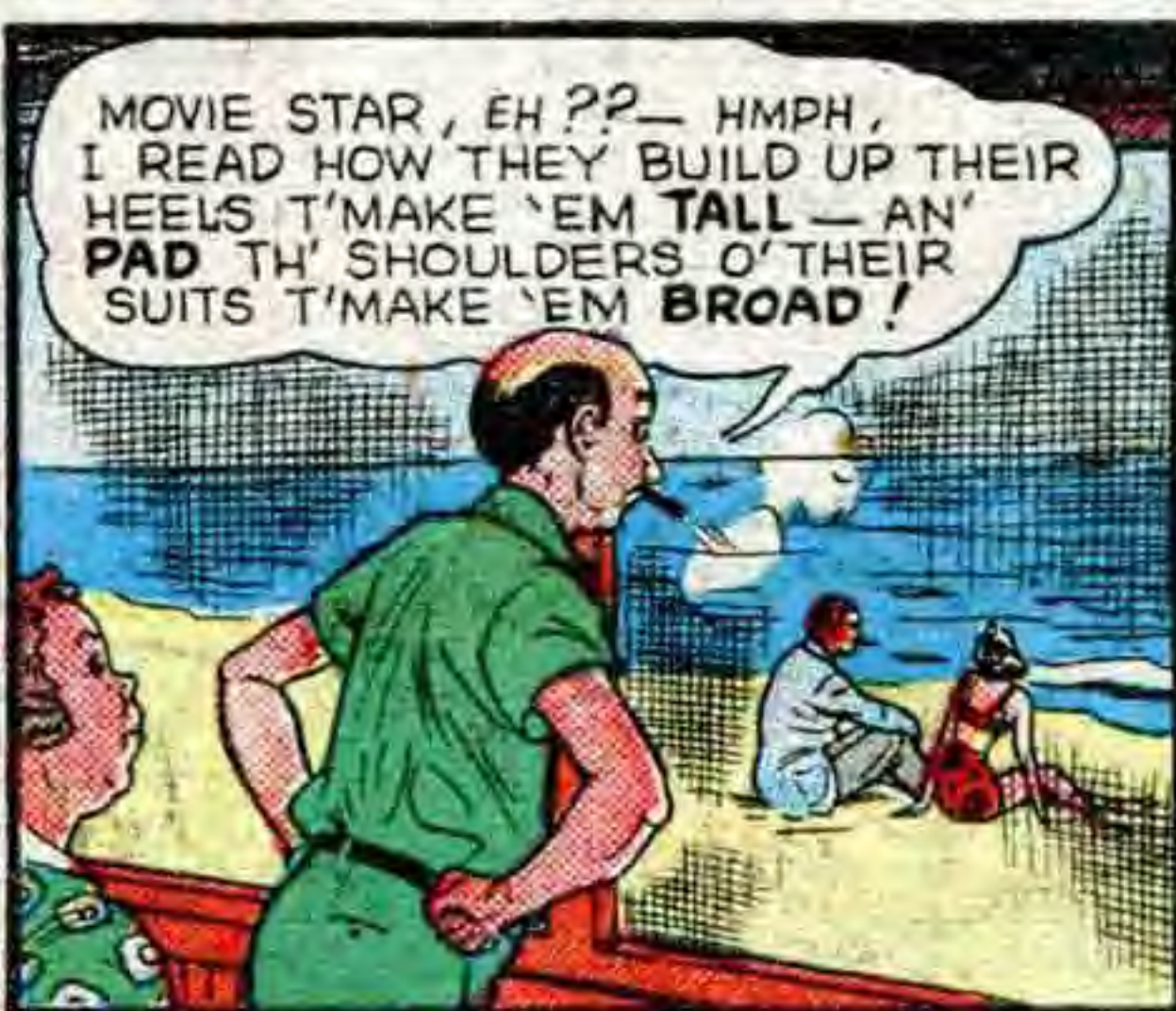
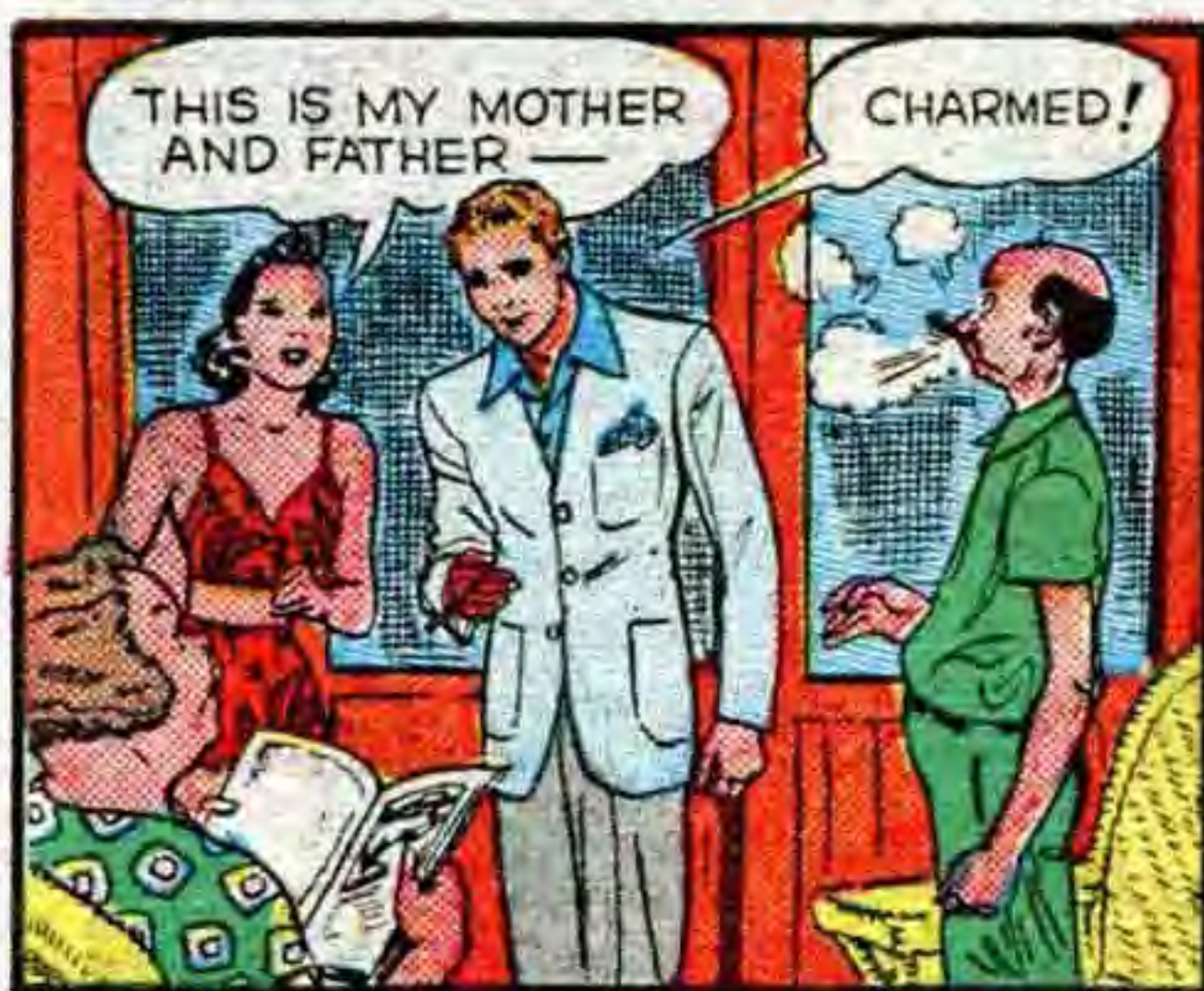


BIG SHOT COMICS



DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL



MARVELO

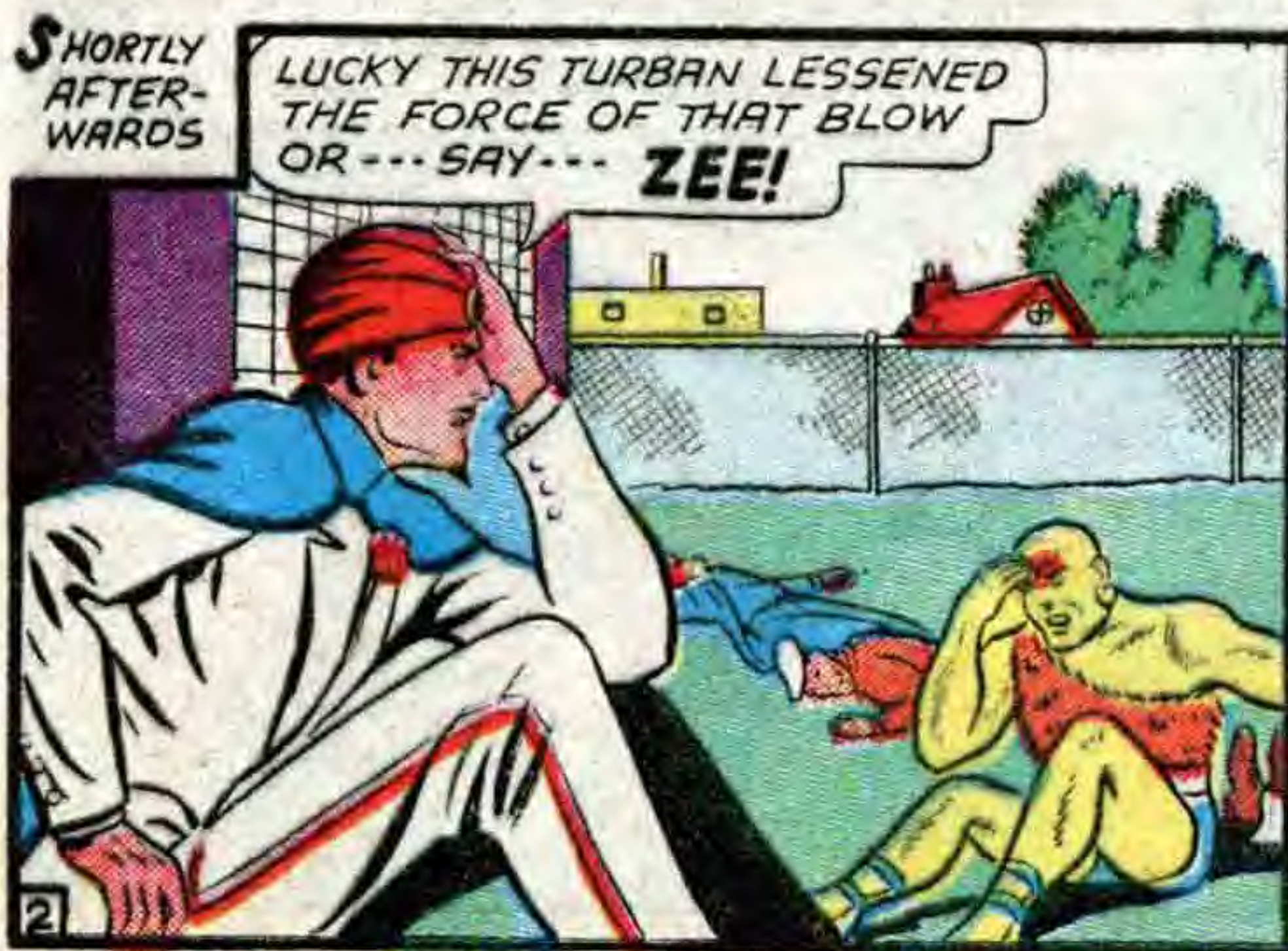
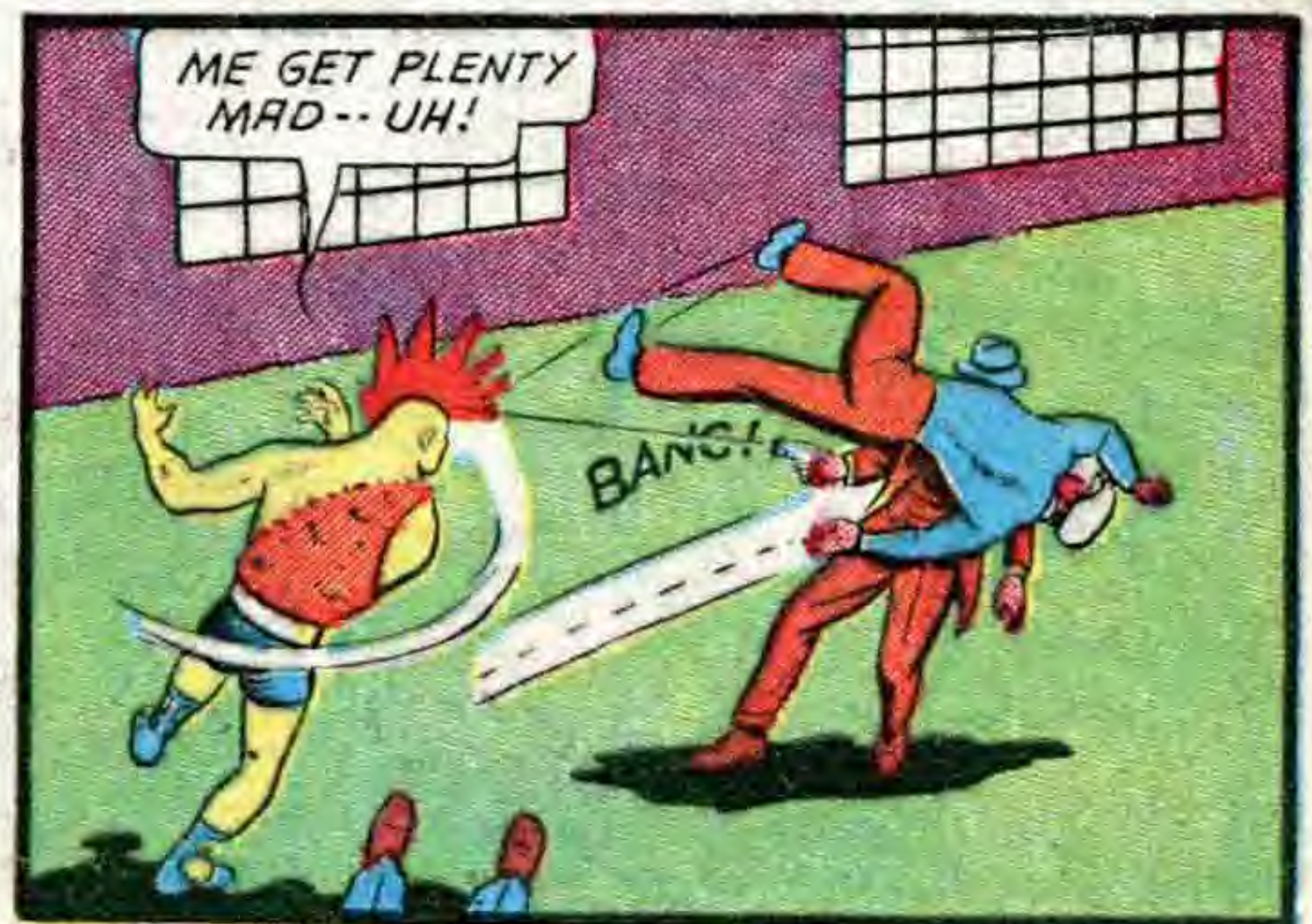
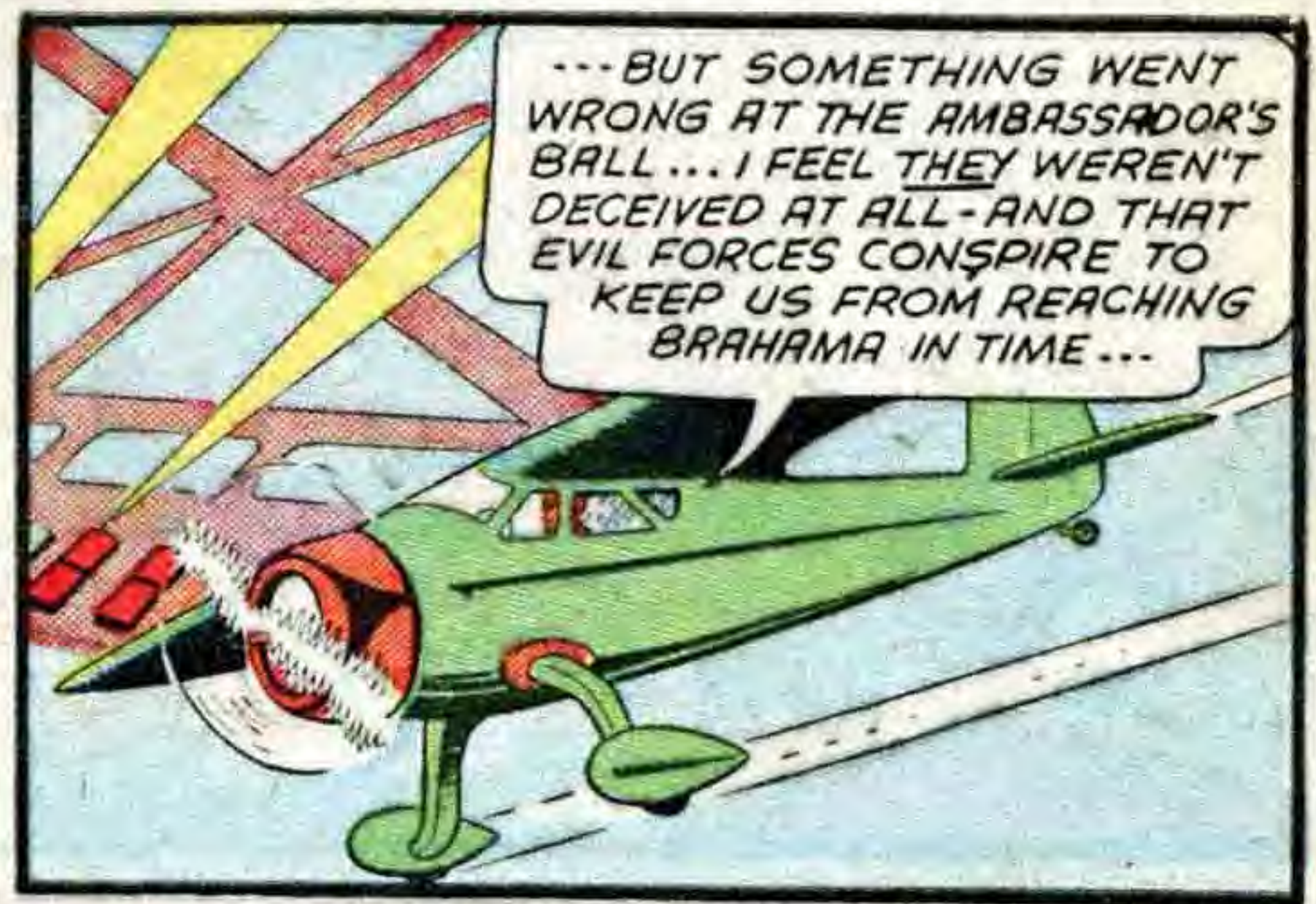
MONARCH OF MAGICIANS



BRAHMA—THE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND WHERE NOT EVEN A KNIFE HAS BEEN USED IN ANGER FOR CENTURIES ---- IS THREATENED NOW WITH INVASION AND "PROTECTION." THE DISCOVERY OF VAST DEPOSITS OF TUNGSTEN, SO RARE AND NECESSARY IN THE PRODUCTION OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES, HAS DRAWN TO IT LIKE A LODESTONE THE IRON WARSHIPS OF TWO MIGHTY EMPIRES -



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

JUST AS THE GREAT CLIPPER PLANE IS ABOUT TO TAKE OFF...



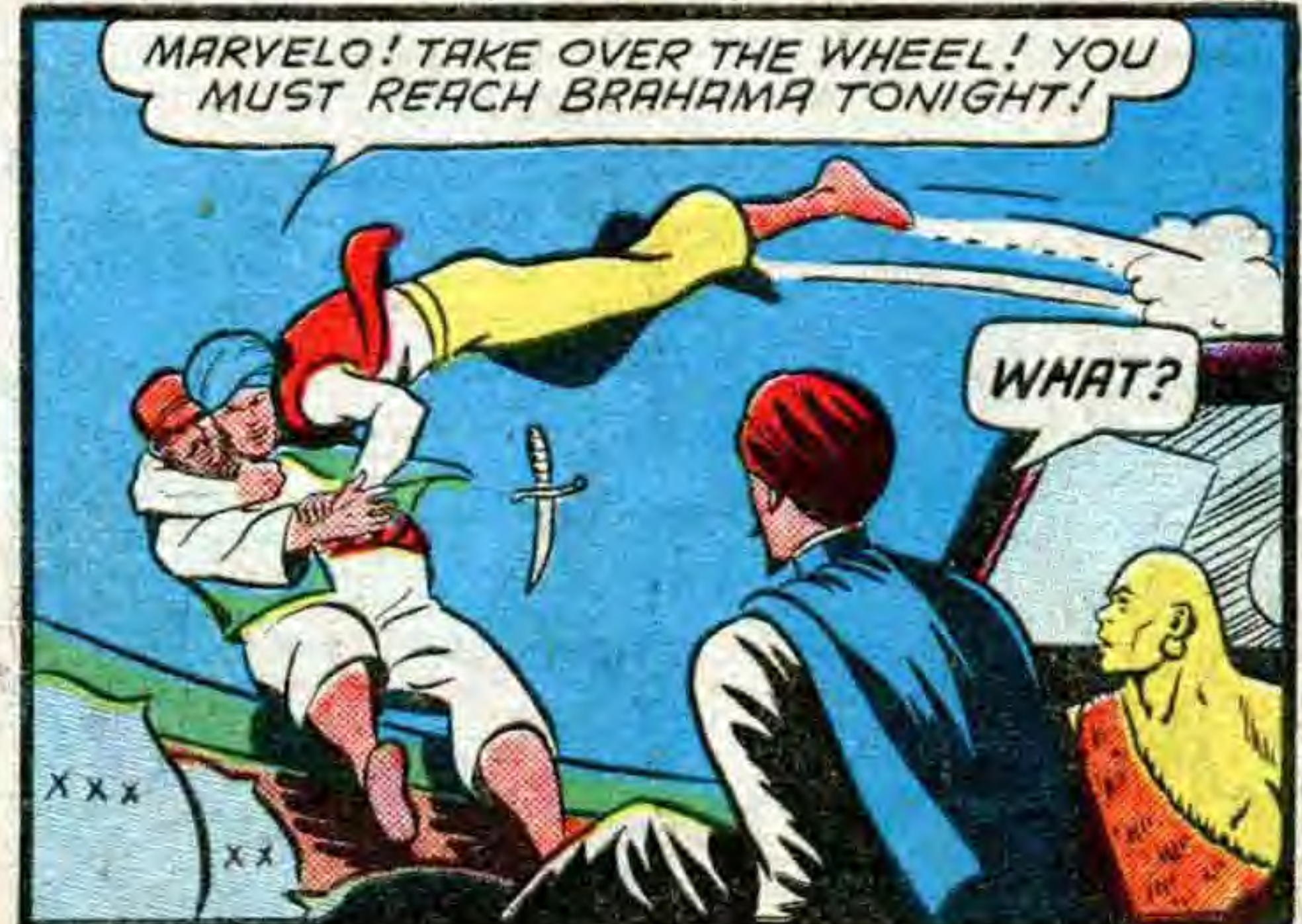
ME NO UNDERSTAND, MASTER! WHY WE FLY LIKE SPARROW BEFORE HAWK?

TO SAVE MY FATHER'S PEOPLE, TWO POWERFUL NATIONS, THREATEN THEIR FREEDOM BECAUSE OF THEIR VAST DEPOSITS OF TUNGSTEN-- WHICH A PERVERTED SCIENCE HAS TURNED INTO AN ELEMENT OF DEATH. BOTH NATIONS NEED IT FOR THEIR SEPARATE WARS.

IN KAHULA--



MARVELO AND ZEE BECOME INVISIBLE!



BIG SHOT COMICS



MARVELO WHISPERS HIS MAGIC WORD--



BIG SHOT COMICS

AT MARVELO'S WORD THE MAN BECOMES A LIZARD!

THAT WILL HOLD ROCTA UNTIL HE CAN BE TRIED FOR TREASON. HURRY-- WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE--

A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE OTHER CONSPIRATORS ARRIVE--

WE WASTE TIME! EITHER ROCTA HAS BEEN CAUGHT OR HE NEVER INTENDED TO GIVE US THOSE TREATY RIGHTS!

WE MUST DESTROY THESE CURSED BRAHAMESE-- JUST AS I DESTROY THIS WRETCHED LIZARD WITH MY HEEL!

MEANWHILE

NO USE ARGUING WITH THE GUARDS. WHAT THEY DON'T SEE WON'T BOTHER THEM!

FATHER!

JUST SO THEY WON'T HAVE TOO MUCH OF AN EDGE ON YOU, ZEE--- KALORA!

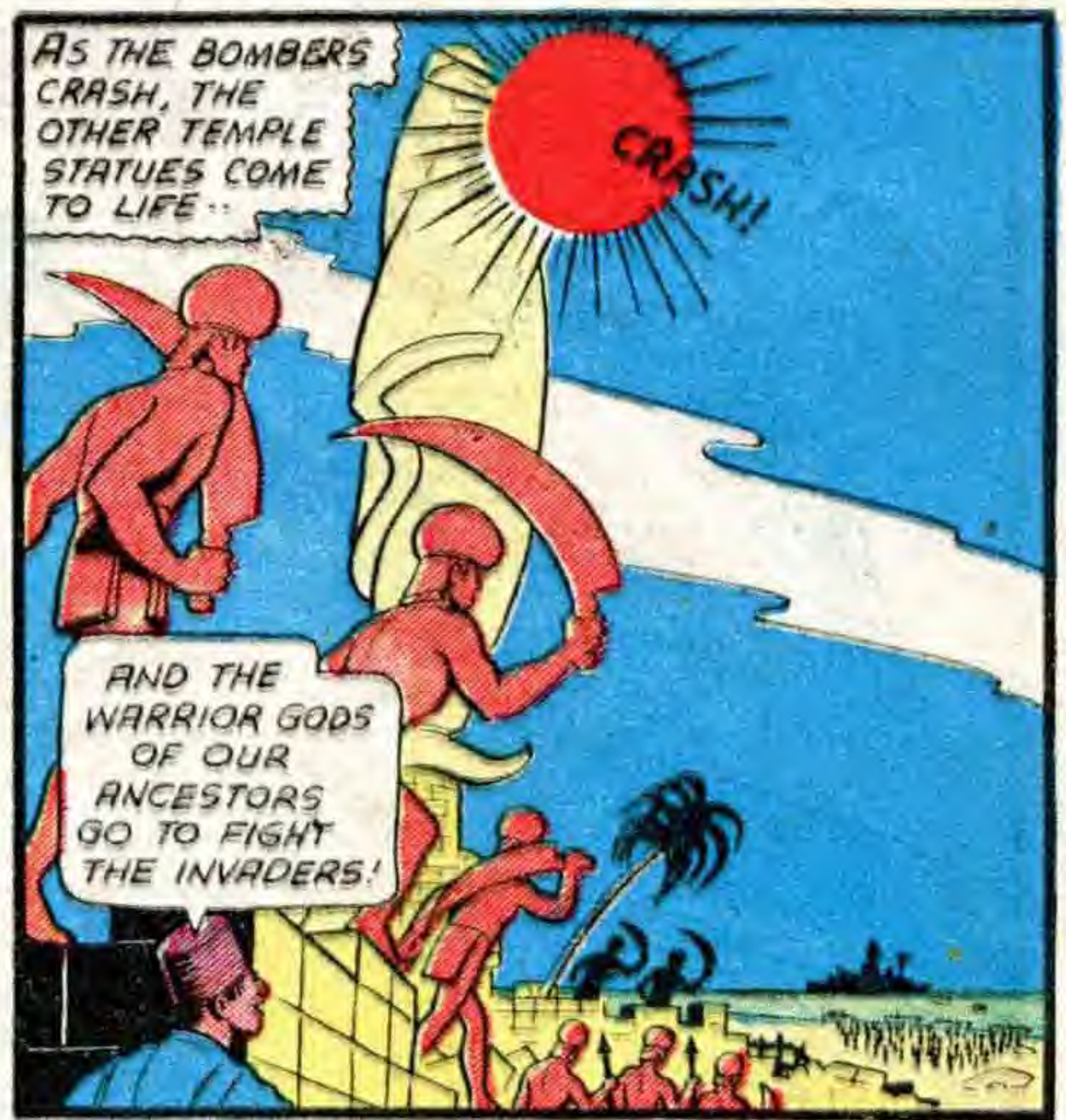
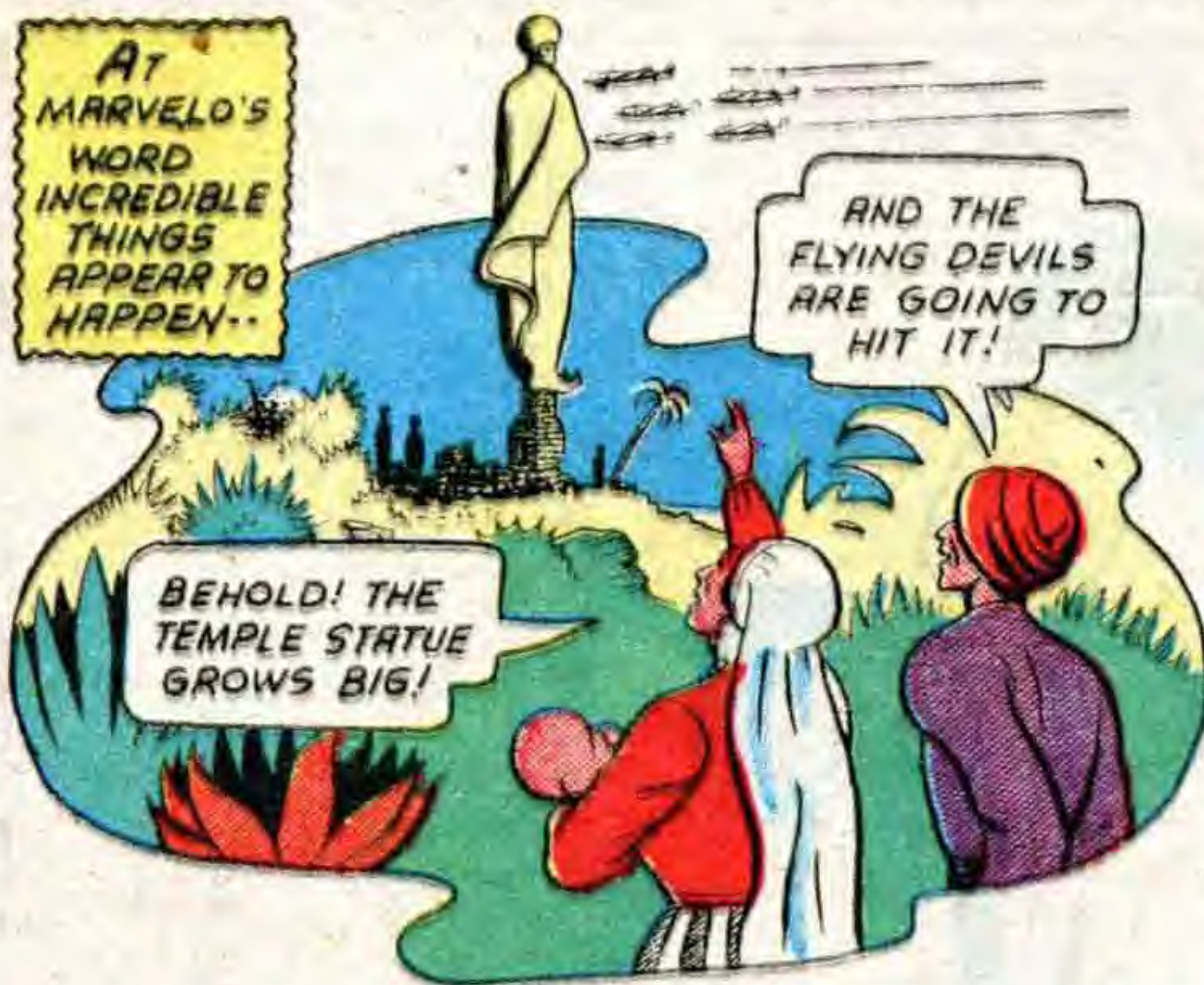
WH-WHAT! OUR SWORDS BECOME PEACOCK FEATHERS! BAH!

MY SON! THANK THE STARS YOU'VE COME!

BUT NOTHING CAN SAVE OUR PEOPLE. WE ARE DEFENSELESS-- AND NO TREATY COULD SATISFY BOTH EMPIRES SINCE BOTH COVET THE SAME THING-- NO MATTER WHO WINS WE SHALL LOSE OUR FREEDOM--- LISTEN... THE BOMBERS COME!

MORE IS AT STAKE THAN EVEN THE INDEPENDENCE OF BRAHAMA--- THIS SPARK MAY SET OFF ANOTHER FUTILE WORLD WAR AND BRUTALLY DESTROY EVERY NATION ON EARTH! WE MUST STOP IT NOW-- KALORA!

BIG SHOT COMICS



JIBBY JONES'



SWIMMING POOL

THE full force of the hot Summer sun beat down unmercifully on the corrugated roof of the small shack. Nearby, the overhanging branches of an ancient elm tree cast strange designs of shadow on the building and the surrounding ground but failed miserably to diminish the effect of the fiery planet's rays.

"Golly! This must be the hottest day we've had in years!" Chubby Brown steamed, moist beads of perspiration coursing in tiny rivulets down his face and neck.

"If this keeps up we won't even have to build a fire to roast the potatoes—we can just chuck them out into the sunlight and I'll bet a nickel they'll be done in less than a minute!" Biff Regan sighed wearily.

Jibby Jones reached up and took a thermometer from a hook on the wall. "Holy smoke! It's ninety-seven in the shade! What I wouldn't give right now for a nice big hunk of ice to sit on!"

The three boys were sprawled and stretched in various comfortable postures on the leather settee and floor of the clubhouse. They discovered that by remaining as motionless as possible the

heat wasn't quite as oppressive as when they were moving about. Jibby was of the opinion that what the clubhouse lacked were the modern conveniences found in other fraternal organizations. Those different little gadgets that made life not only bearable but actually delightfully comfortable.

"Down at my dad's clubhouse they have electric fans and air-conditioning and ice-cold drinks . . ."

"Hey, cut it out, Jibby! The more you talk about it the more I feel as though I was in a red-hot furnace!" This last remark exploded from the balloon-like Chubby, whose countenance glistened brightly from the excessive temperature.

"I'm merely telling you what these other clubs have that we haven't got," Jibby explained. "And if you don't want to hear about it what do you say we do something about it?"

Biff cast a questioning eye at the club's president. "What can we do—buy an air-conditioning system? Remember, we've got only three dollars left in the treasury."

"We can build a swimming pool, that's what," replied Jibby with authority.

"A swimming pool? Have you gone crazy?" the other two chorused. "Where are we going to put it? Right outside the door there?"

Jibby smiled at their amazed faces with lordly patience. "I've got it all figured out. Do you know that big vacant lot back of my uncle Henry's house—the one that runs right beside his chicken coops?"

"Yeah, I know the place. What about it?"

"Just this," Jibby replied. "Uncle Henry told me that we could use that lot any time we wanted to—he said he's been trying to sell it for years but nobody seems to want to buy it."

"You mean to build a swimming pool on the lot? Golly, that'd be great!" cried Biff enthusiastically. "When do we start?"

"Right away—let's go!" Jibby answered, leaping to his feet.

Each of the boys collected as many digging implements as he could possibly lay his hands on—shovels, rakes, hoes, spades and two wheelbarrows to cart the dirt away. Then, like a small construction company ready to tackle a job, they proceeded down to Jibby's Uncle Henry.

BIG SHOT COMICS

"Go to it, boys—dig all you want," Jibby's portly relative urged them. "But try your best not to disturb the chickens. I'm a little worried about them—they haven't been laying eggs as well as they used to. Of course, it might be the heat."

"We'll steer clear of them, uncle," Jibby said.

So the work on the new project was begun. At one end they even intended to build a diving board. "That means we'll have to dig a little deeper on this end," said Jibby.

Biff agreed heartily. "And let's make it good and deep. I can still feel when I socked my head last summer. The time when I dived off the old steamship pier into the river—and I forgot all about that sunken rowboat. Boy, what a wallop I got!"

For three full days they toiled—days in which every hour was spent in back-breaking labor. The size of the proposed pool was an extensive one, considering the number of workmen and the tools they had with which to build it. It was a good ten feet wide, fifteen feet long and the depth began at two feet and sloped down to an approximate six feet at the diving board end.

EVENTUALLY the task was completed. "Holy smokes!" gasped Biff, wiping his glistening, smudged brow, "I bet we did more work on this than the fellows who built the Empire State Building!"

"Now, the final problem is the water," remarked Chubby. "You know a swimming pool isn't much good without water in it."

"That'll be simple," Jibby said. "All we have to do is attach a hose to that faucet on the side of Uncle Henry's house and keep it running till the pool's filled up."

They uncoiled the long length of hose they found in the cellar of Uncle Henry's house and fastened it to the faucet Jibby indicated. The chickens, enclosed in their wire cages some twenty feet away from the scene of activity, cackled and poked their heads through the fence to satisfy their curiosity.

"Gosh, at the rate this water's

flowing the pool won't be filled for at least twelve or thirteen hours," Jibby commented, observing the stream of water gushing from the hose. He was right, too, for the water barely made an impression on the soft dirt bottom of the excavation. It would be many hours before it would even start to rise.

"The only thing to do is to leave it running all night," suggested Chubby. "It should be almost filled by morning."

The idea seemed feasible, so the boys left the water running into the pool and departed for their homes. They eagerly awaited the new day to make use of the filled pool, to taste the fruits of their labor.

But they didn't count on the thunderstorm and cloud-burst that rolled across the heavens during the black hours of the night. The rain poured from the leaden skies like the waters from Niagara. It rained steadily for almost two hours.

The storm came and went with the night. And the bright morning sun found the three construction engineers racing on their bicycles towards Uncle Henry's house. They rounded a corner—and then stopped dead. "Holy smokes!" gasped Jibby.

The other boys were speechless for the moment. The sight they beheld took their breaths away. The pool was there all right—but a much larger one. In fact it was the whole of Uncle Henry's back yard. The entire area to the rear of the house was one sea of water. The chicken coops were included, too, for they were floating aimlessly over the surface like so many Noah's arks.

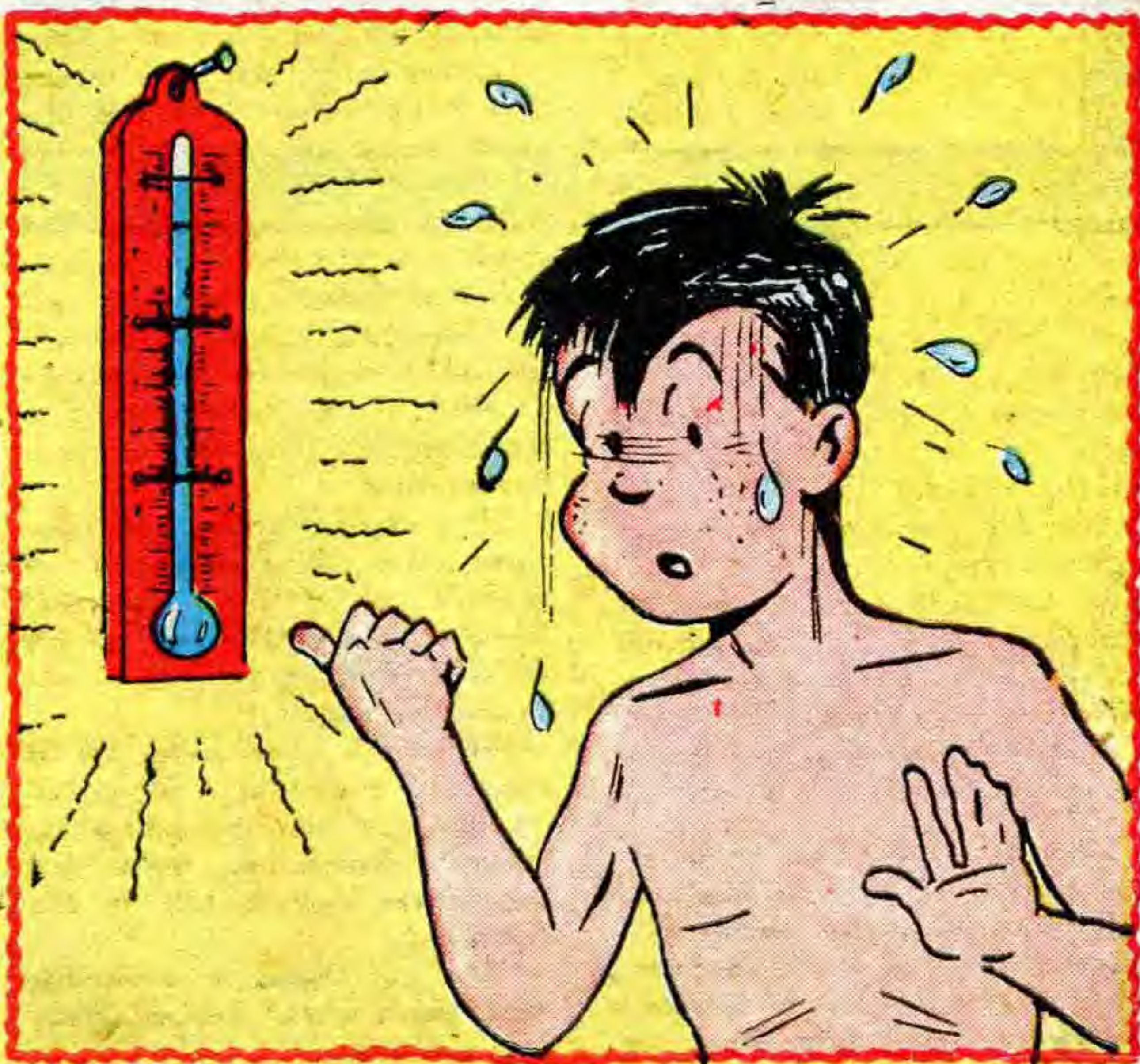
"This is awful—we're ruined!" Jibby groaned. "It was that rain storm last night. It must have filled the pool and then overflowed—I guess the sides of the pool caved in, too!"

"It's a catastrophe!" was all Chubby could say.

Uncle Henry took the whole thing like a soldier. He never complained—in fact he tried his best to laugh it off, even though his prize chickens were still adrift on the water. "It's tough, fellows. But accidents will happen. Anyway, you still have the river to swim in."

Jibby and Chubby sadly agreed with him—Biff merely rubbed his head and frowned. "It would have been much nicer to dive into water where you know you're not going to sock your head! Oh well, that's fate, I guess."

THE END



SPY-CHIEF



ADOPTING THE GUISE OF *THE CLOAK*, A LEGENDARY HERO OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION OF 1775, JEFF CARDIFF, THE *SPY-CHIEF*, IS BUILDING UP A NEW REPUTATION FOR HIMSELF AS A DEFENDER OF AMERICAN LIBERTIES AND MILITARY SECRETS.

ALONG THE COASTLINE IN A NEW ENGLAND STATE ...

HELLO, THERE, YOUNGSTER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

FIXING MY MODEL GLIDER. I'VE BROKEN A WIRE STRUT ON IT!



LET ME SEE IT. I USED TO TAKE AN INTEREST IN AVIATION. PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU!

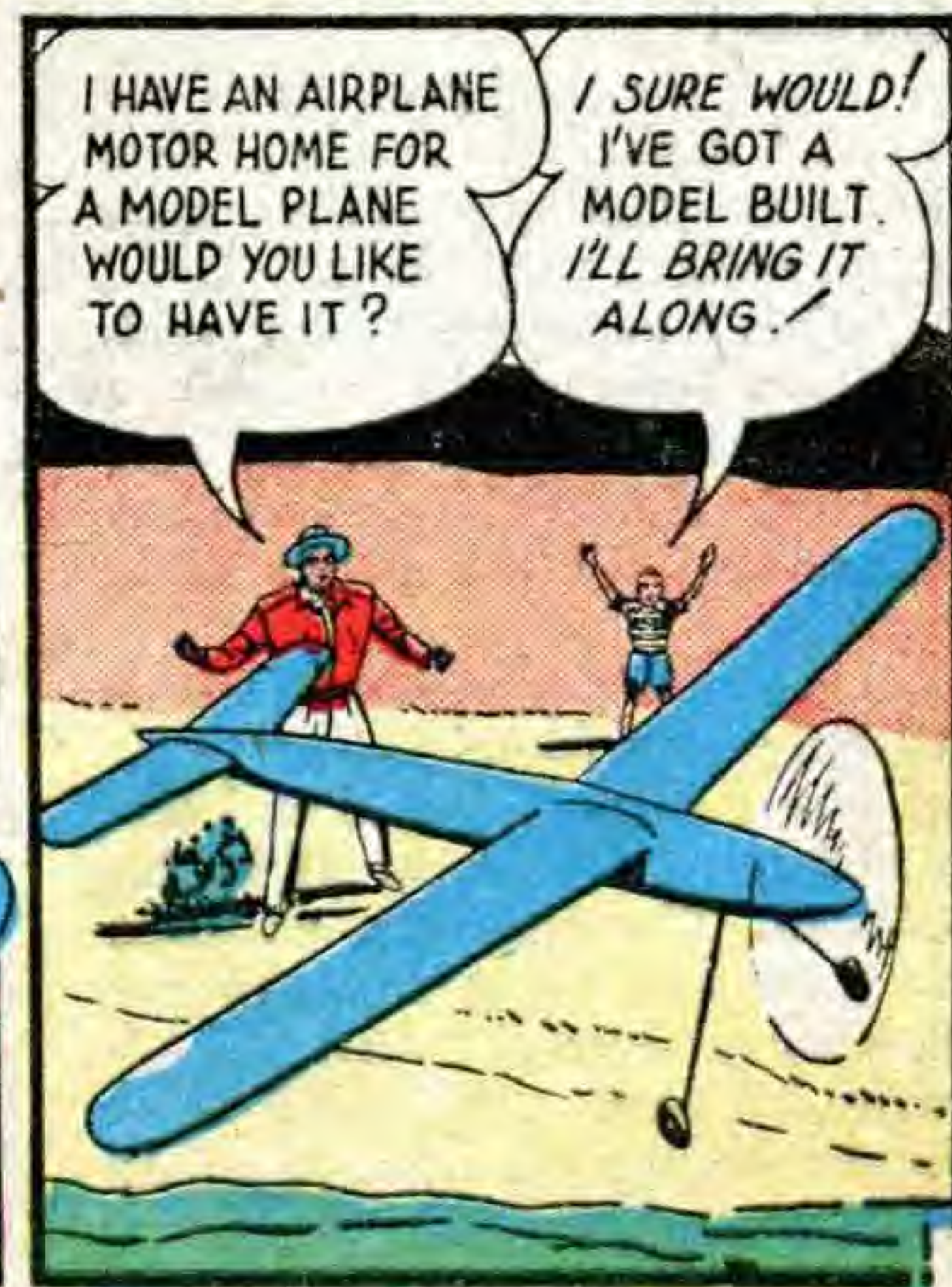
SURE, TAKE A LOOK. I'VE BEEN WORKING OVER IT ALL MORNING!

THESE THINGS ARE DELICATE, BUT THEY GIVE YOU A GREAT THRILL AS THEY GO FLYING THROUGH THE AIR. WELL, THIS SEEMS TO BE ALL RIGHT! WE'LL GIVE IT A SPIN, EH?



I HAVE AN AIRPLANE MOTOR HOME FOR A MODEL PLANE. WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE IT?

I SURE WOULD! I'VE GOT A MODEL BUILT. I'LL BRING IT ALONG!



BIG SHOT COMICS

ON A BRIGHT SUMMER DAY, TWO WEEKS LATER...

IT'S BEEN FUN FLYING THIS PLANE WITH THE MOTOR IN IT. BUT I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D CARE FOR IT!

IT'S ALMOST LIKE FLYING A PLANE YOURSELF. OH, I GET A KICK FROM IT!



THERE IT GOES! KEEP YOUR EYE ON IT!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT GOES OUT TO SEA AND THEN RETURNS! BUT IT DOES!



FAR OUT OVER THE SNOW-CAPPED WATERS GOES THE TINY PLANE...



AHEAD OF IT, A SUBMARINE BREAKS WATER...

IT WILL BE HERE SOON. WE WILL MEET IT!



HERE IT COMES NOW!



AH, HERE IT IS! THE USUAL MESSAGE FROM OUR OPERATIVE IN THE UNITED STATES!



THE ATTEMPT TO GET THAT NEW BOMB-POWDER FORMULAE WILL BE MADE TO-NIGHT. TO-MORROW - I MAY HAVE IT FOR THE FATHERLAND!



IN WASHINGTON, JEFF CARDIFF APPEARS BEFORE HIS F.B.I. CHIEF...

JEFF, WE'VE GOT TO STOP THESE CONSTANT RAIDS ON OUR WAR SECRETS! THEY'VE BEEN LEAKING OUT OF THE COUNTRY DURING THE PAST TWO WEEKS!

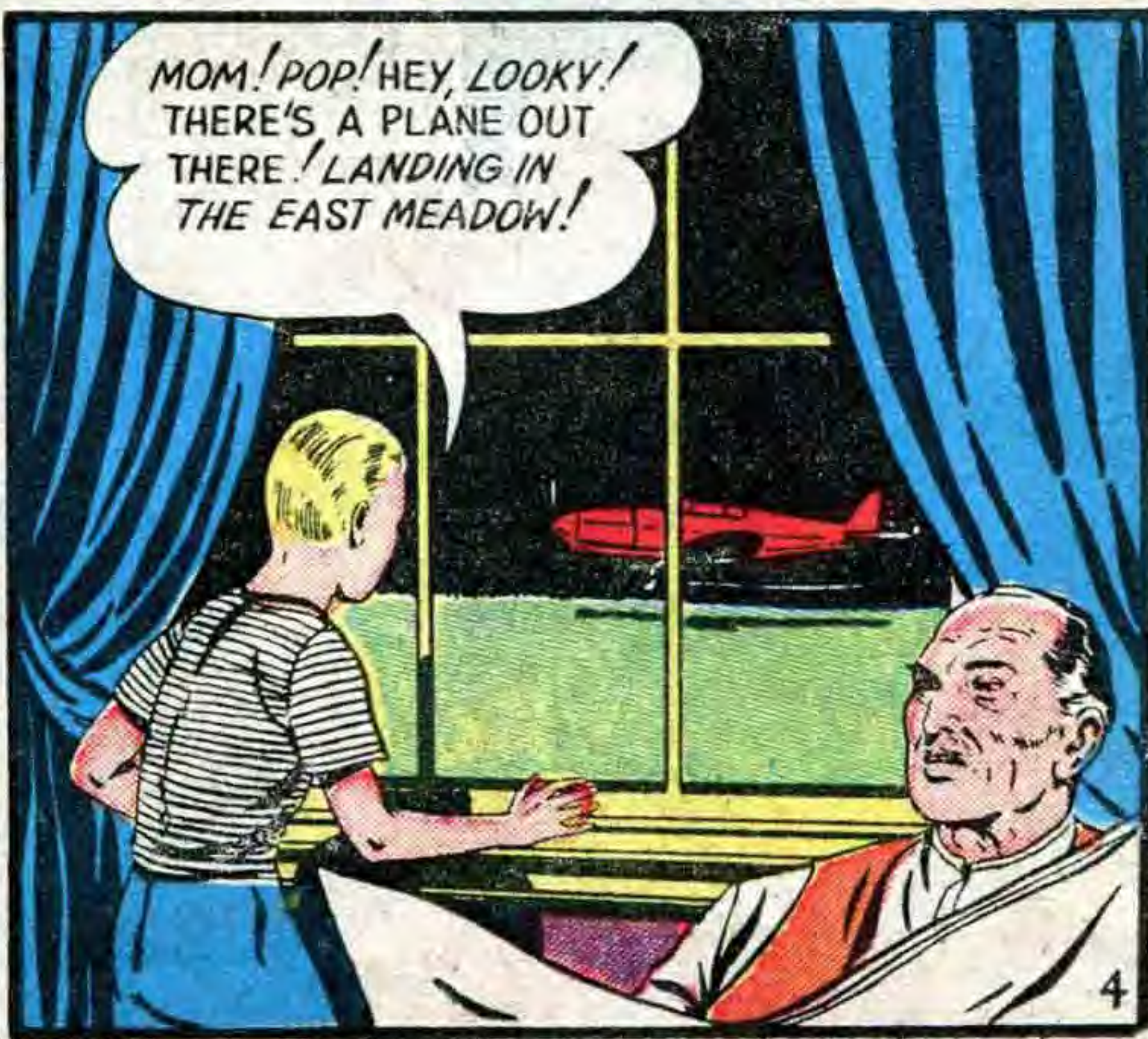
I KNOW. I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE IDEA, BUT - I'VE FAILED, SO FAR!



BIG SHOT COMICS



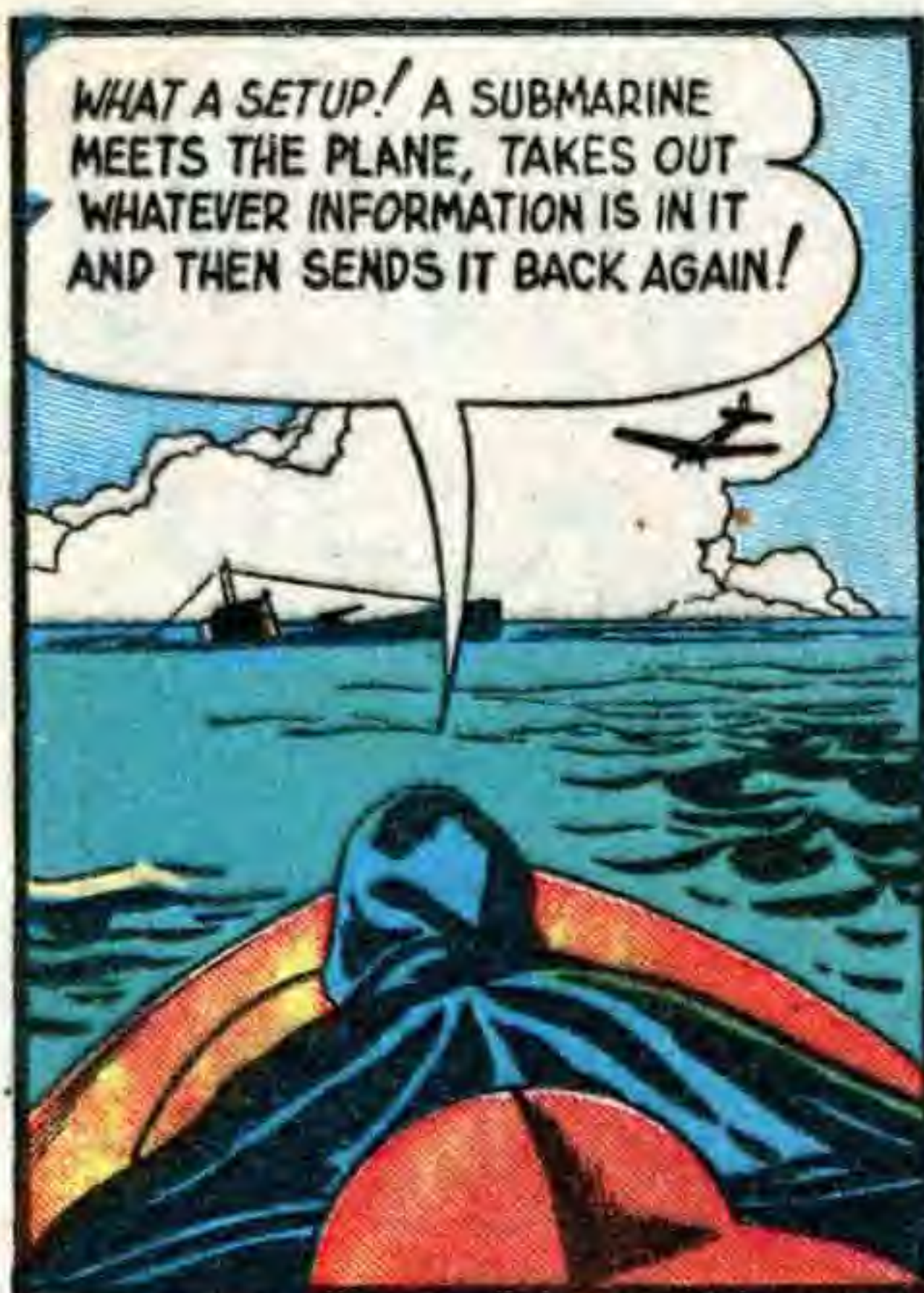
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS





THE GUARDIAN OF THE AMERICAN AIRWAYS, SOARS HIGH OVER ALL AMERICA, QUESTING FOR CRIME AND DANGER, IN HIS POWERFUL WING—AND ARMED WITH STASIMATIC AND OTHER WEAPONS, INVENTIONS OF HIS OWN GENIUS.

HE VISITS CHUBBY WEEKS, A COLLEGE FRIEND—AS ALLAN TURNER, RICH PLAYBOY

THESE CONTROLS SHOULD INTEREST YOU, ALLAN! AS I REMEMBER, YOU WERE QUITE A SCIENTIFIC GENIUS AT COLLEGE!

I WORKED THEN—BUT NOW THAT I'VE INHERITED MY FORTUNE I PREFER TO LOAF AROUND!



DELICATE INSTRUMENTS, AREN'T THEY?

YES! YOU KNOW, ALLAN, I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU'D MAKE SOMETHING OF YOURSELF! YOU WERE BRILLIANT AT SCHOOL! I—OH, THERE'S THE LATEST NEWS BROADCAST! LISTEN—



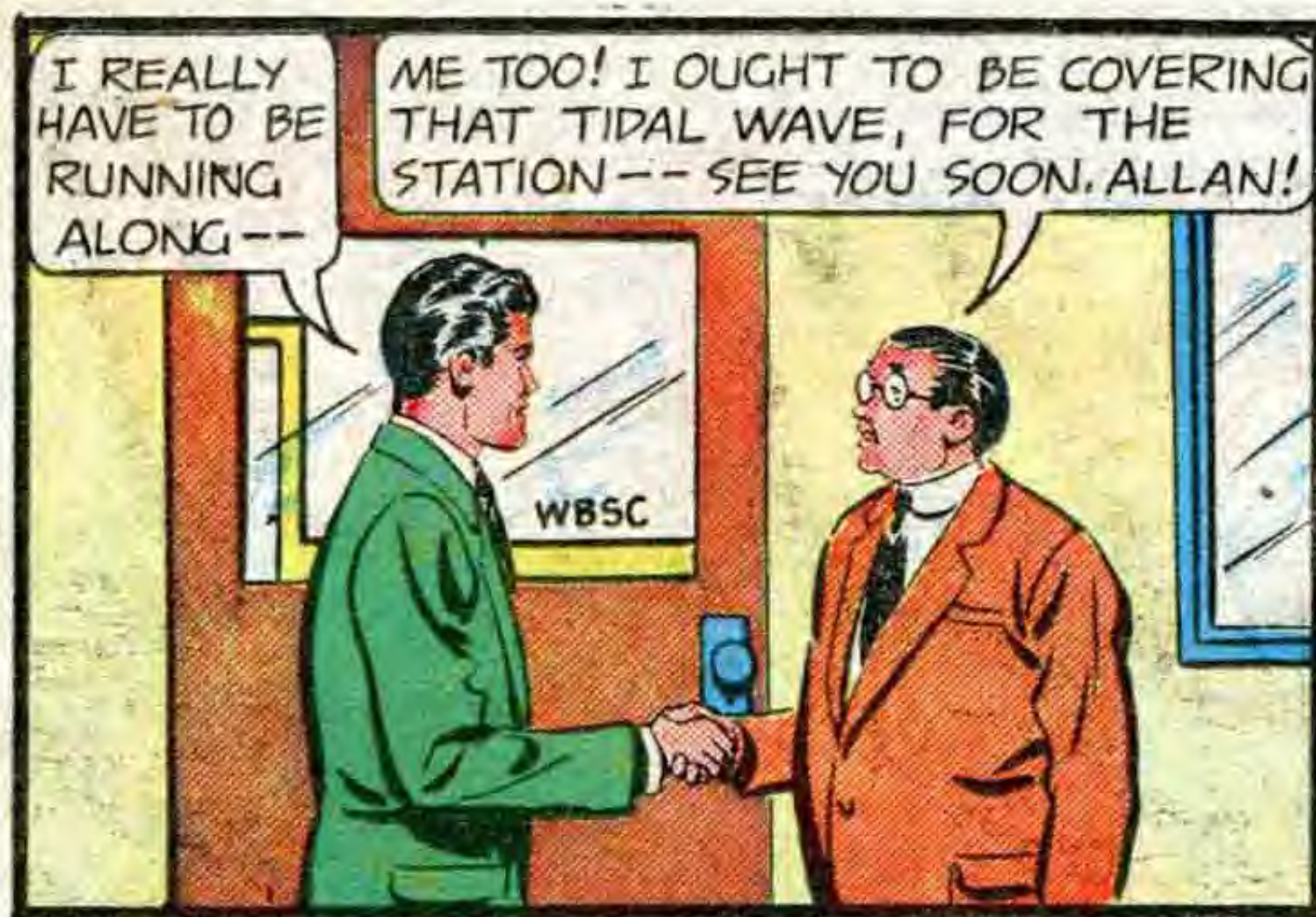
NEW TIDAL WAVE HAS SWEEPED THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD! SHIPS ARE IN DANGER! MANY LIVES HAS BEEN LOST!

THOSE WAVES HAVE BEEN COMING AWFULLY REGULARLY

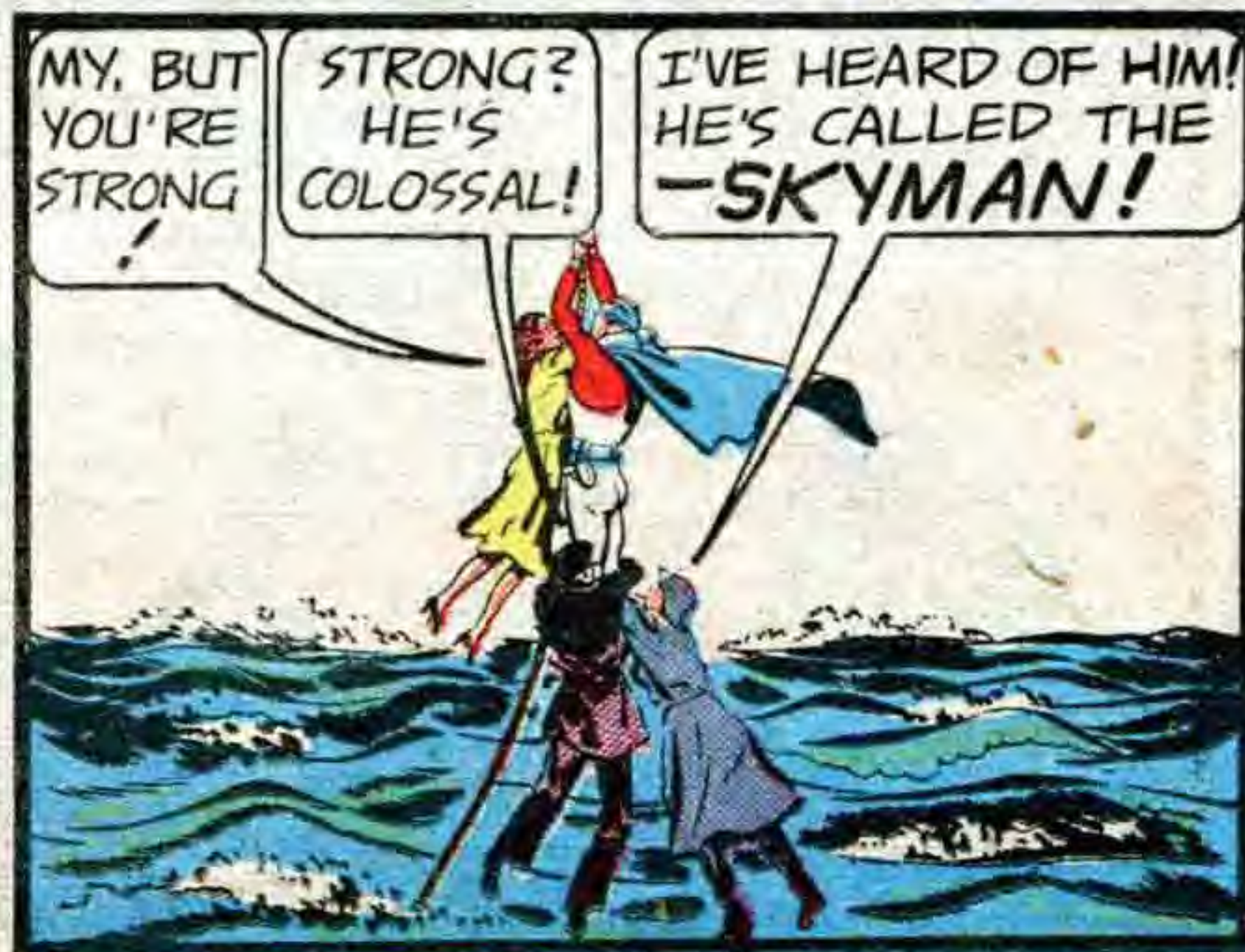
TOO REGULAR, CHUBBY!



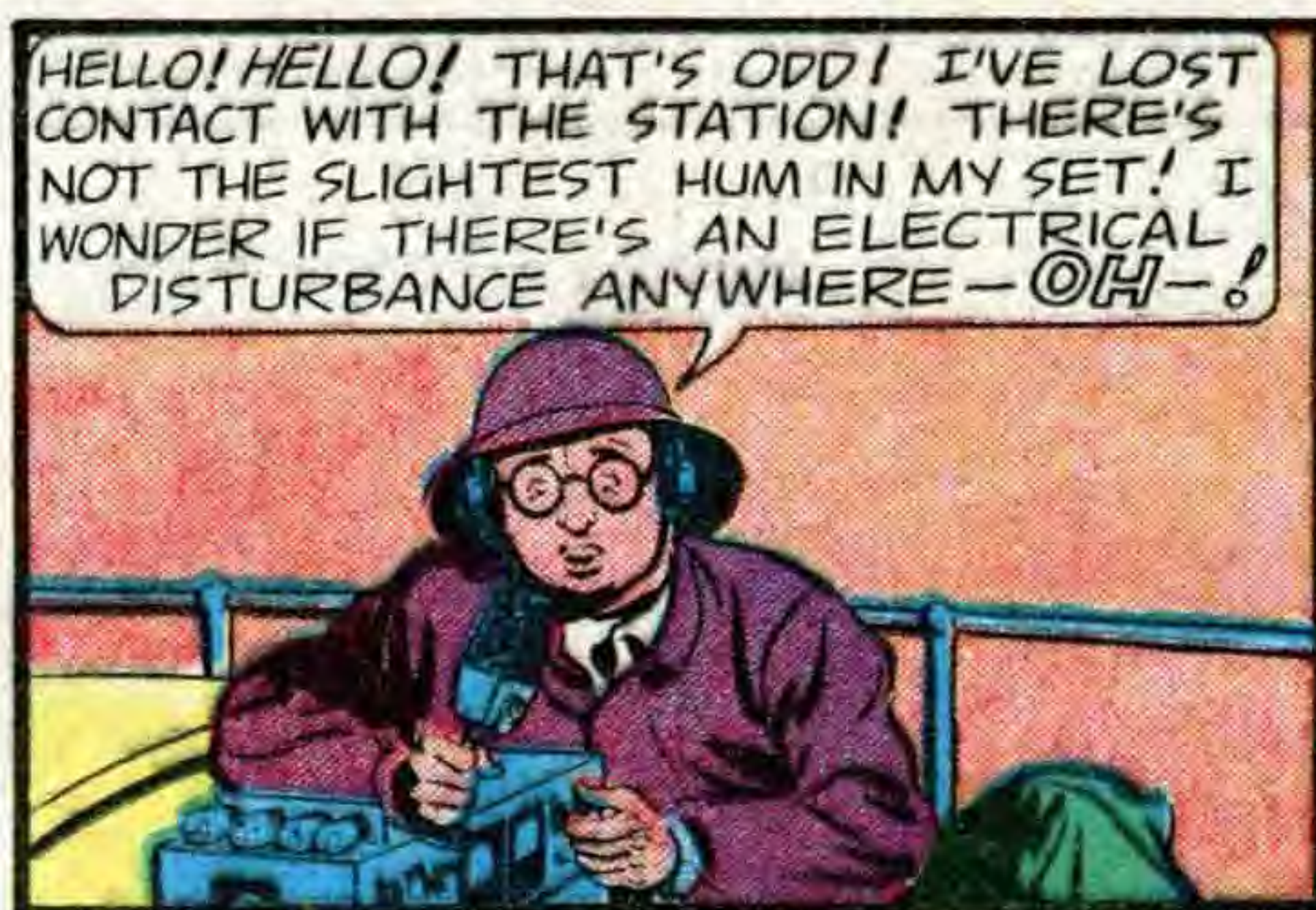
BIG SHOT COMICS



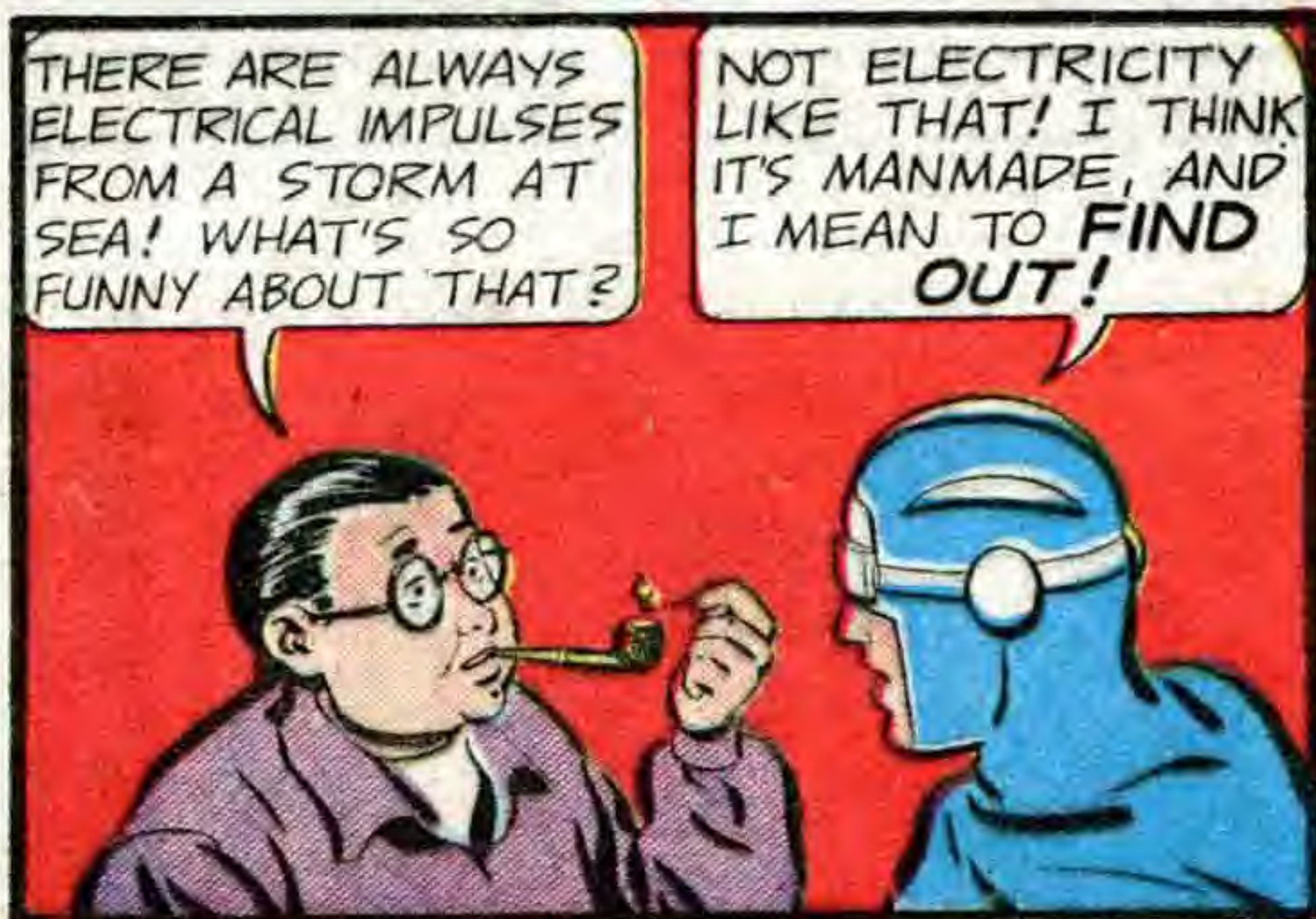
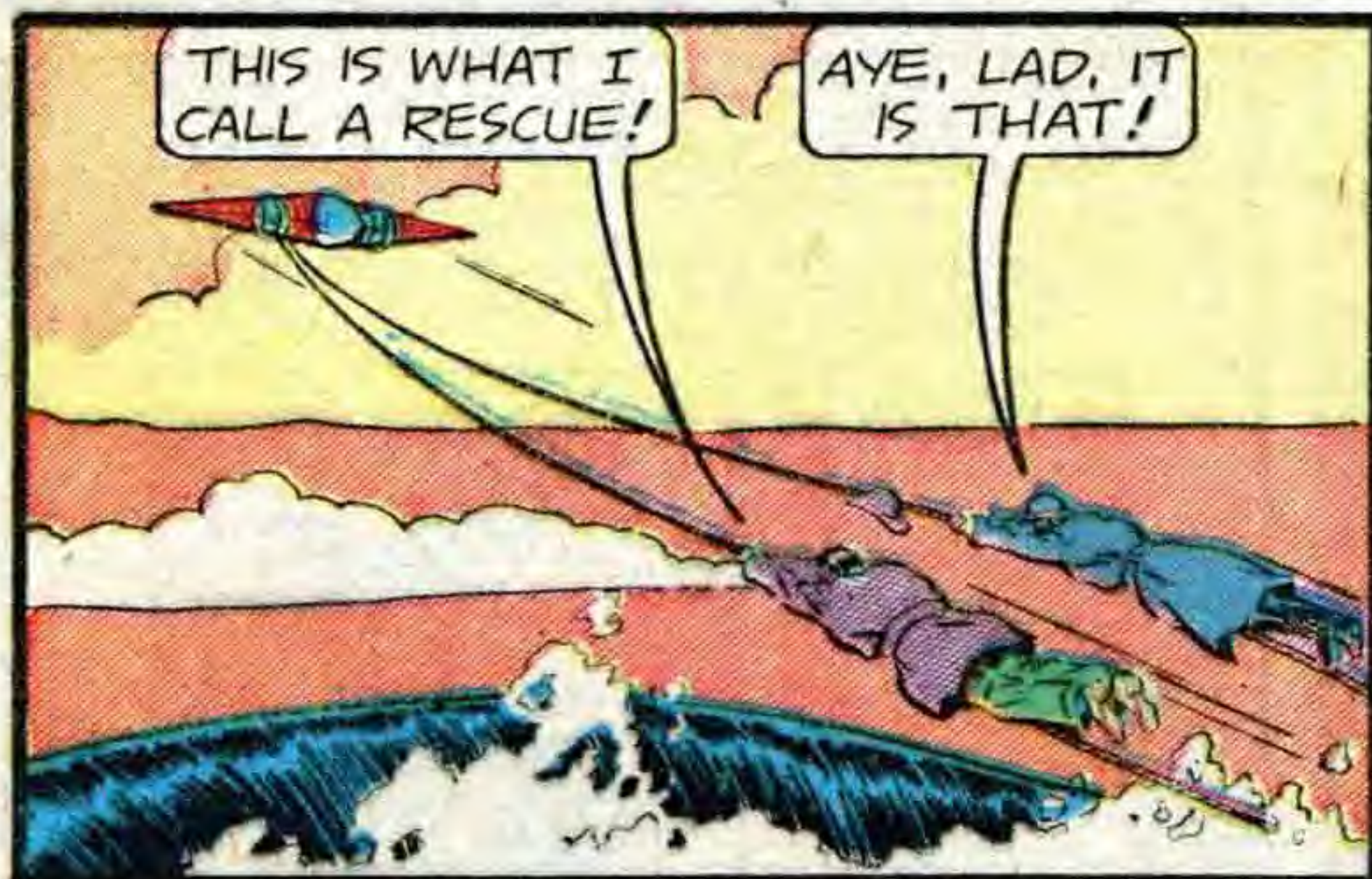
USING THE MAGNETIC ATTRACTION OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH POLES, AS STABILIZERS, THE SKYMAN CAN HALT HIS WING IN MID-AIR, WHERE IT REMAINS STATIONERY- AS HE GOES ABOUT HIS ERRAND OF MERCY



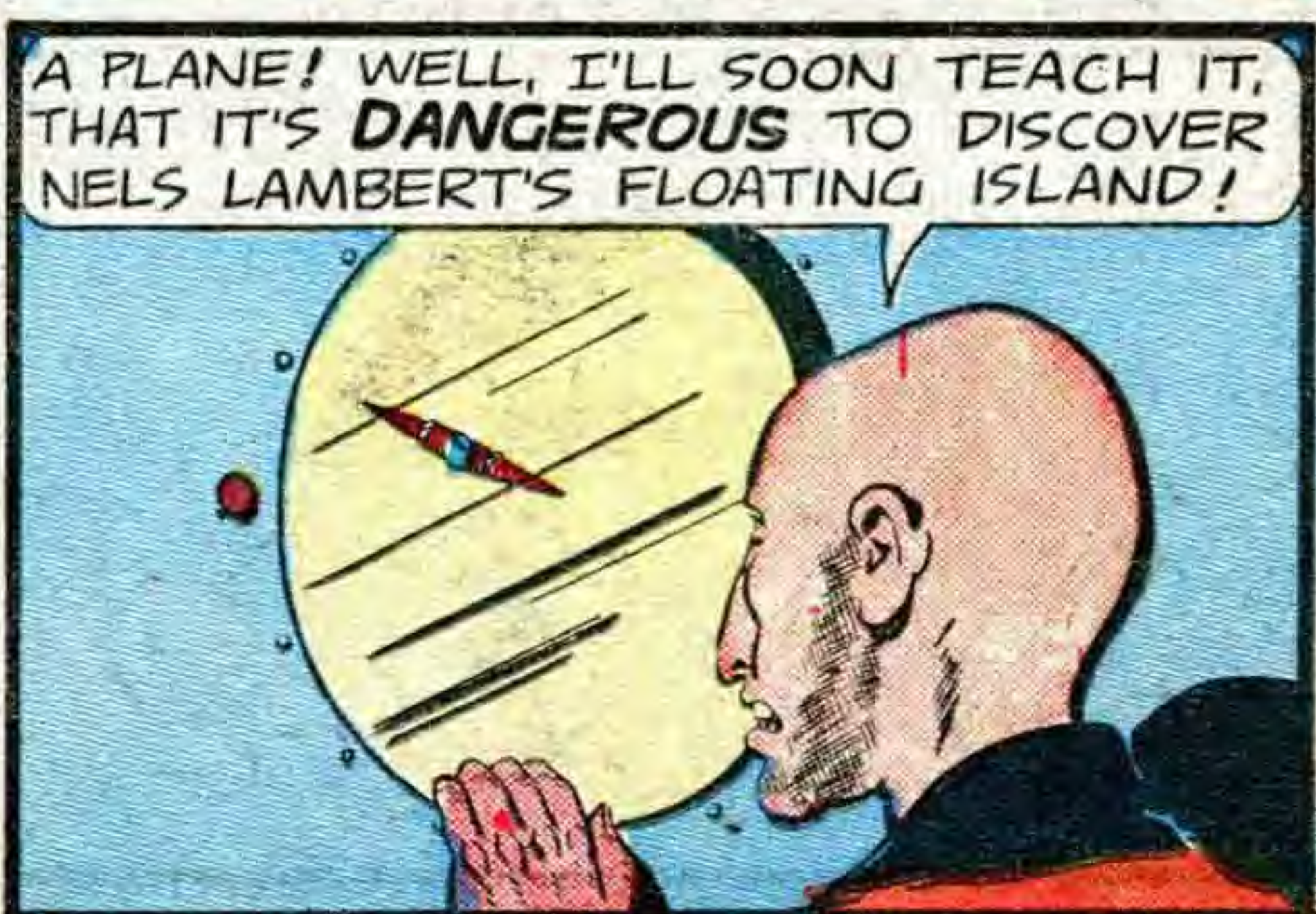
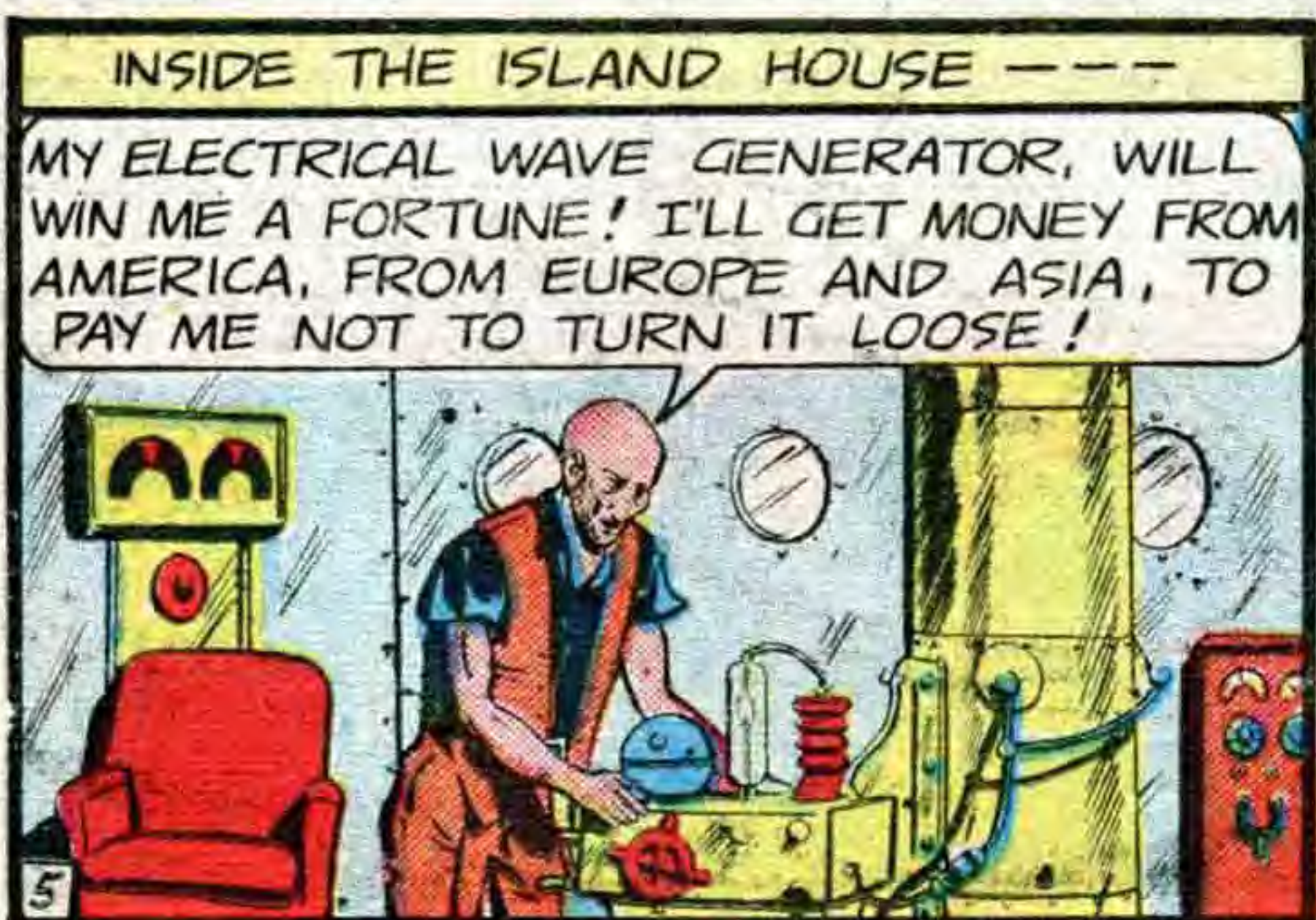
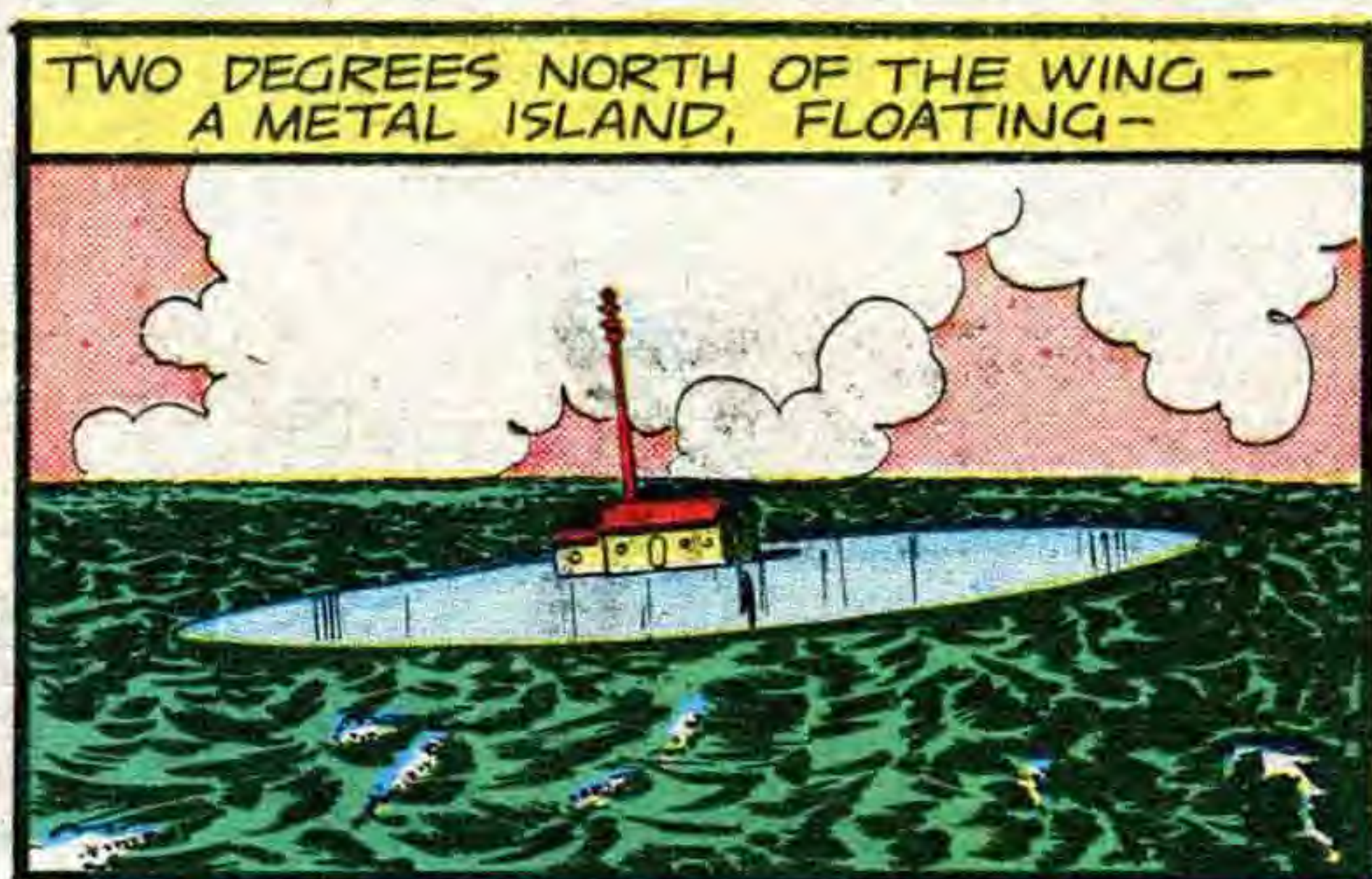
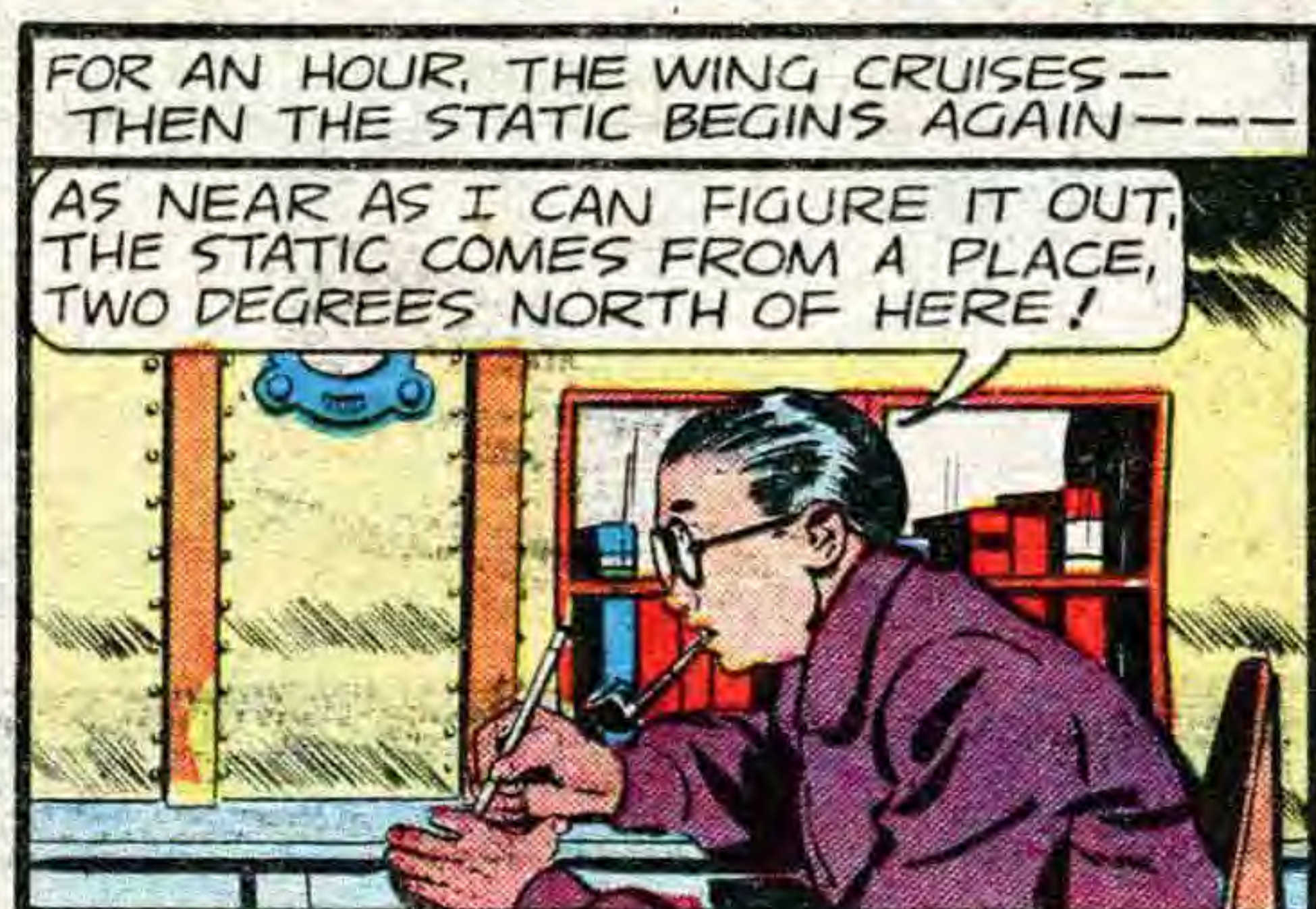
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

WHEN I RELEASE THIS BOLT OF ELECTRICITY—
POUF! OUT GOES THE POWER IN THAT PLANE!



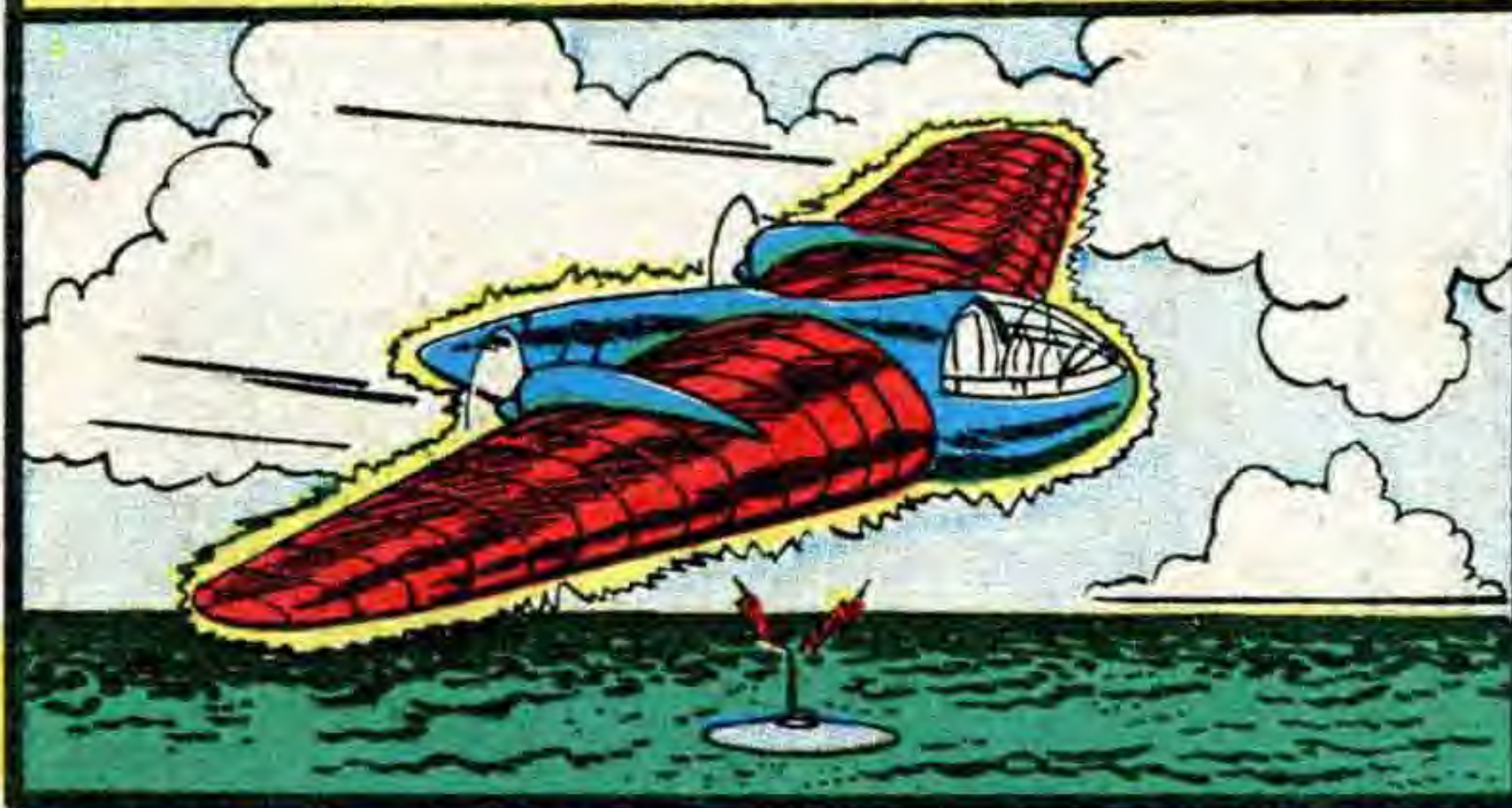
INSIDE THE WING — — —

THAT BOLT — ELECTRICITY —
KILL US, UNLESS — !

WHA —
WHAT'S —



ELECTRICITY PLAYS ALL ABOUT THE METAL
HULL OF THE PLANE —



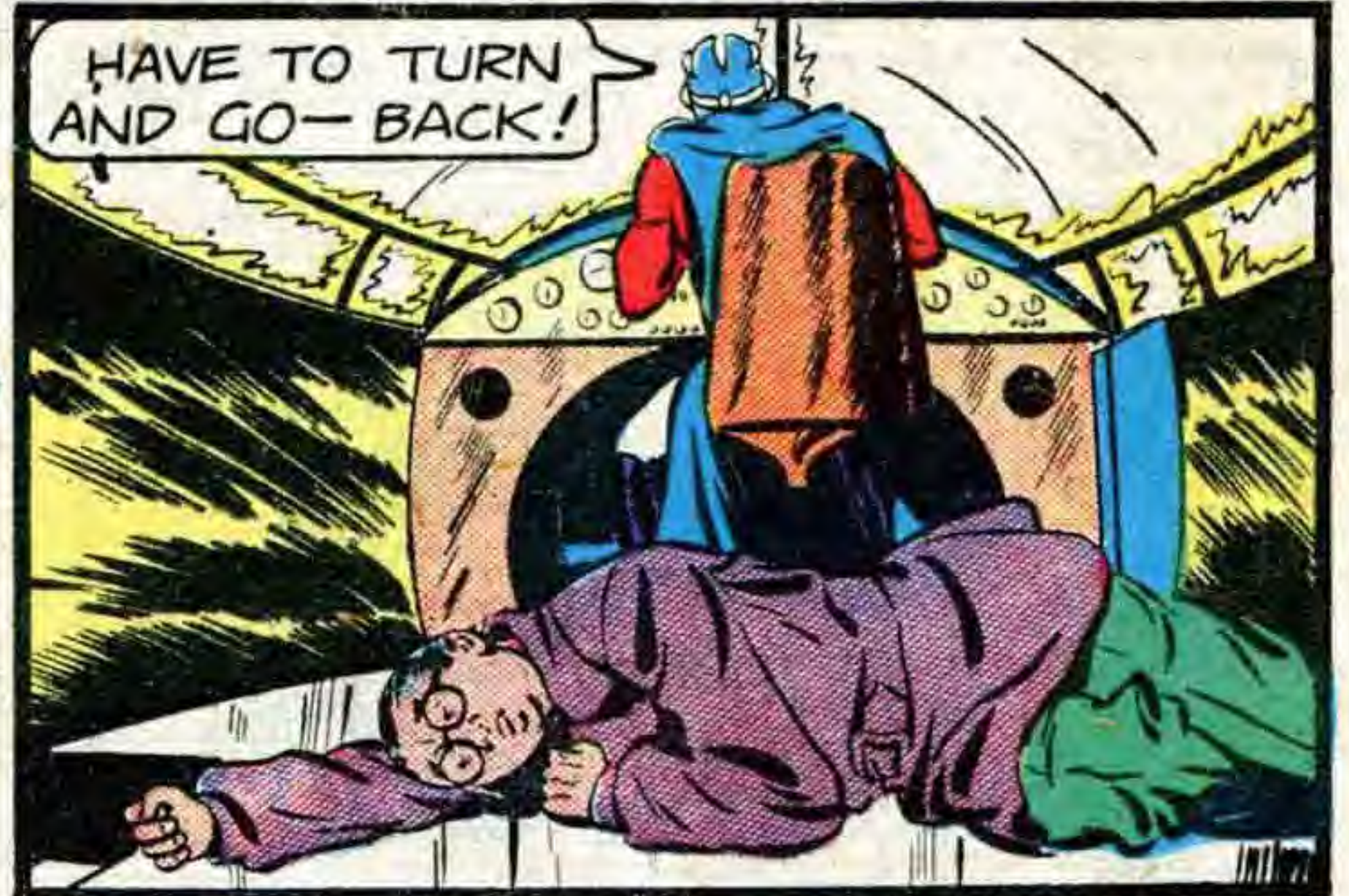
ONLY CHANCE TO ESCAPE
— IS TO — **CLIMB!**



UP, UP GOES THE WING — — —



HAVE TO TURN
AND GO — BACK!



THE WING TURNS IN MIDAIR —



INSIDE IT CHUBBY IS LIFELESS AND THE
POWERFUL SKYMAN SLOWLY CRUMPLES
TO THE FLOOR —



BIG SHOT COMICS

CALLING WASHINGTON FROM THE HIGH SEAS! IF YOU WILL DEPOSIT A MILLION DOLLARS TO THE ACCOUNT OF X, I WILL STOP THOSE TIDAL WAVES, THAT HAVE BEEN DESTROYING PROPERTY ALONG THE COAST!



THAT OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK! NOW TO PREVENT THAT PLANE VISIT FROM RECURRING! NICK! SAM!



YOU WILL ORDER THE MEN TO STAND GUARD AT ALL WINDOWS, IN CASE ANYONE FINDS US HERE! AND SHOOT TO **KILL**!

SURE, SURE! I'LL TELL 'EM!



SHARPSHOOTING THUGS, TAKE THEIR POSTS

LET SOMEBODY COME! JUST LET 'EM COME!



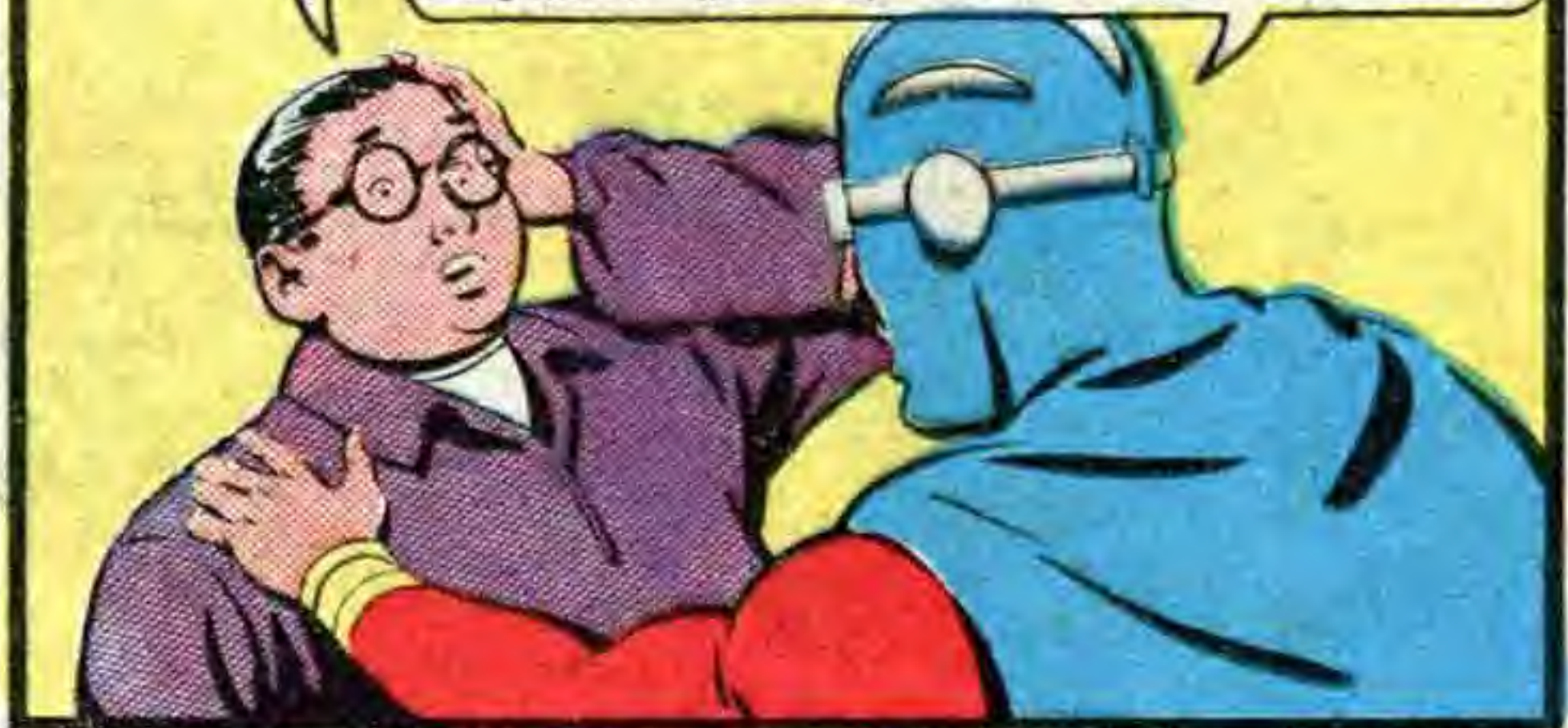
ABOARD THE WING, THE POWERFUL SKYMAN, SLOWLY RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS ---

THAT ELECTRICAL DISCHARGE SORT OF GOT ME! WONDER HOW CHUBBY IS?



WHA - WHAT HAPPENED?

WHOEVER WAS ON THAT FLOATING ISLAND, WE SAW, HAS A POWERFUL WEAPON THAT THROWS ELECTRICITY! A BOLT OF IT, HIT THE WING!



WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO?

RETURN TO THE SKYDROME AND FIGURE OUT A WAY TO BEAT HIM!



IF A MAN CAN THINK UP SOMETHING LIKE THAT, A MAN CAN THINK OF SOMETHING TO BEAT IT - AND I'M GOING TO BE THAT MAN!

GOSH!



BIG SHOT COMICS



OFF FOR THE FLOATING ISLAND WITH THE WING THOROUGHLY SPRAYED WITH ELECTRICITY-RESISTING LACQUER —



BIG SHOT COMICS

THE ELECTRICAL BOLTS HIT THE WING SQUARELY—AND ARE HARMLESS——



I'M GOING TO PAY A LITTLE VISIT DOWN BELOW! YOU TAKE OVER THE WING!

RIGHT! I'LL HAVE HER HANDY, IF YOU WANT HER!



GLUTCHING THE ROPE, ATTACHED TO THE WING, HE LEAPS OUT OVER THE ISLAND——



HE LANDS AMIDST A SHOWER OF BULLETS——

A HOT RECEPTION!



I'VE GOT TO **FORCE** MY WAY IN!



LOOK OUT!

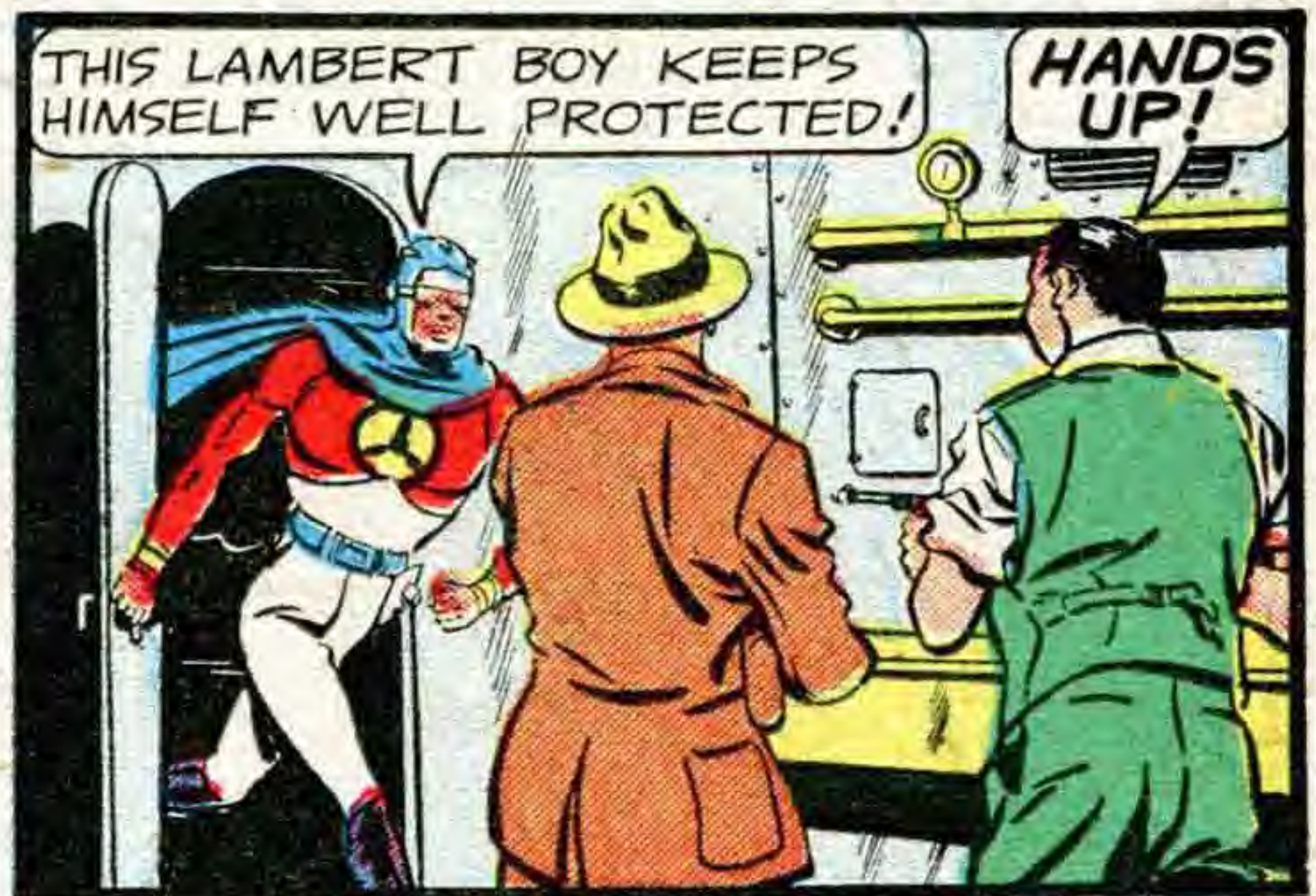
HE'S GOT HOLD OF MY GUN!



I'VE GOT HOLD OF YOUR JAW, TOO!



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

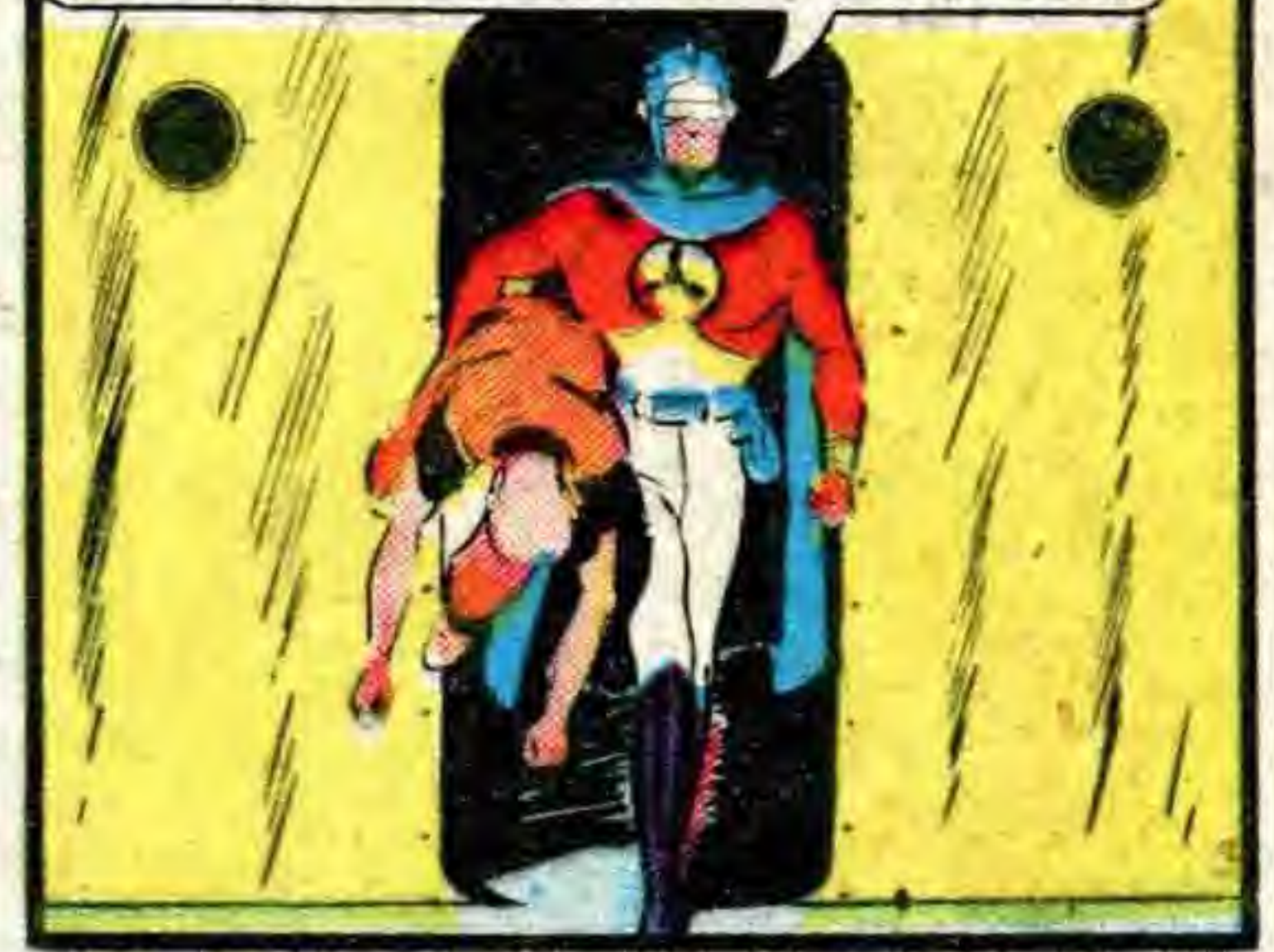
THE SKYMAN'S AIM IS PERFECT AND LAMBERT SLIDES TO THE FLOOR, AS THE TOMMY-GUN BUTT HITS HIS TEMPLE — —

OOF!

YOU SHOULD'VE DUCKED — LIKE I DID!



I THINK THOSE TIDAL WAVES WILL STOP FOR ALL TIME, NOW!



YOU BOYS WILL HAVE TO WAIT YOUR TURN! ONE CROOK AT A TIME, RIGHT NOW!



THEY'RE ALL THERE! NOW TO DESTROY THAT FLOATING MENACE, DOWN BELOW!

HOW YOU GOING TO DO THAT?



VERY EASILY! JUST FIRE MY ATOMATIC — THAT BLOWS ALL MATTER INTO THE ATOMS THAT COMPOSE IT — AND THE ISLAND GOES UP!



THE WING LANDS NEAR AN ARMY AIRPORT — —

WONDER WHO THE SKYMAN HAS NOW?

HE ALWAYS BRINGS IN THOSE CROOKS, ALL RIGHT!



HERE'RE YOUR MEN THAT HAVE BEEN CAUSING THOSE TIDAL WAVES! LAMBERT IS THE HEAD OF THE THING! REST EASY! THOSE WAVES WON'T HAPPEN ANY MORE!

GOOD FOR YOU!



A WEEK LATER, CHUBBY MEETS ALLAN TURNER AGAIN — —

I TELL YOU, THAT SKYMAN FELLOW! HE TALKED A LITTLE LIKE YOU. BUT HE'S NOT LAZY, LIKE YOU ARE!

UH-HUH! I'D LIKE TO MEET HIM SOMEDAY! HE MUST BE QUITE A MAN, ACCORDING TO YOU!





Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?



LET ME START SHOWING YOU RESULTS LIKE THESE

5 inches of new Muscle

"My arms increased 1 1/2", chest 2 1/2", forearm 7/8" - C. S., W. Va.

What a difference!

"I have put 3 1/2" on chest (normal) and 2 1/2" expanded." - F. S., N. Y.

Here's what ATLAS did for ME!

John Jacobs BEFORE **John Jacobs AFTER**

For quick results I recommend CHARLES ATLAS

"Am sending snapshot showing wonderful progress." - W. G., N. J.

GAINED 29 POUNDS

"When I started, weighed only 141. Now 170." - T. K., N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in international contest—in competition with **ALL** men who would consent to appear against him.

This is a recent photo of Charles Atlas showing how he looks today. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.

Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

I DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system **INSIDE and OUTSIDE!** I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new, beautiful suit of muscle!

What's My Secret?

"**Dynamic Tension!**" That's the ticket! The **identical natural** method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—**my way**. I give you **no gadgets or contraptions to fool with**. When you have learned to develop your strength through "**Dynamic Tension**" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real, solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is **practical**. And man, **so easy!** Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "**Dynamic Tension**" almost unconsciously every minute of the day — walking, bending over, etc. — to **BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY**.

FREE BOOK

"Everlasting Health and Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became **NEW MEN** in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped **THEM** do. See what I can do for **YOU!** For a real thrill, send for this book **today**. **AT ONCE**. **CHARLES ATLAS**, Dept. 236J, 115 East 23rd St., New York City.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 236J
115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "**Dynamic Tension**" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "**Everlasting Health and Strength**."

Name _____
 (Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Check here ☐ for booklet "A" if under 16 years of age.

